

AUGUST 22, 1988



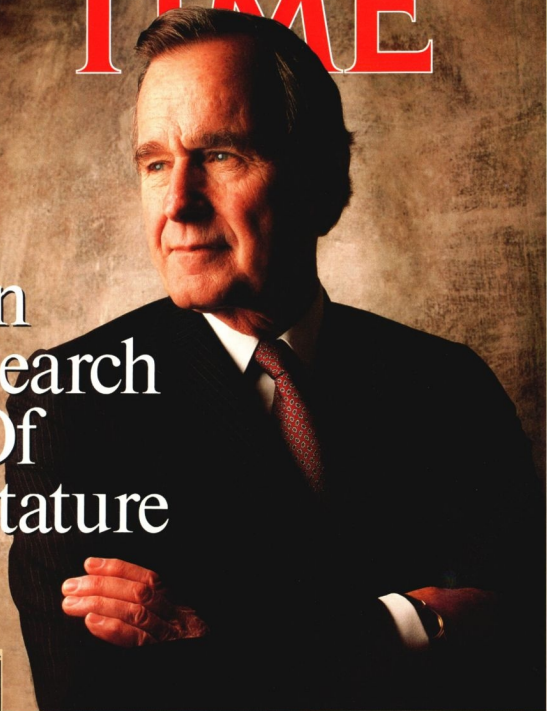
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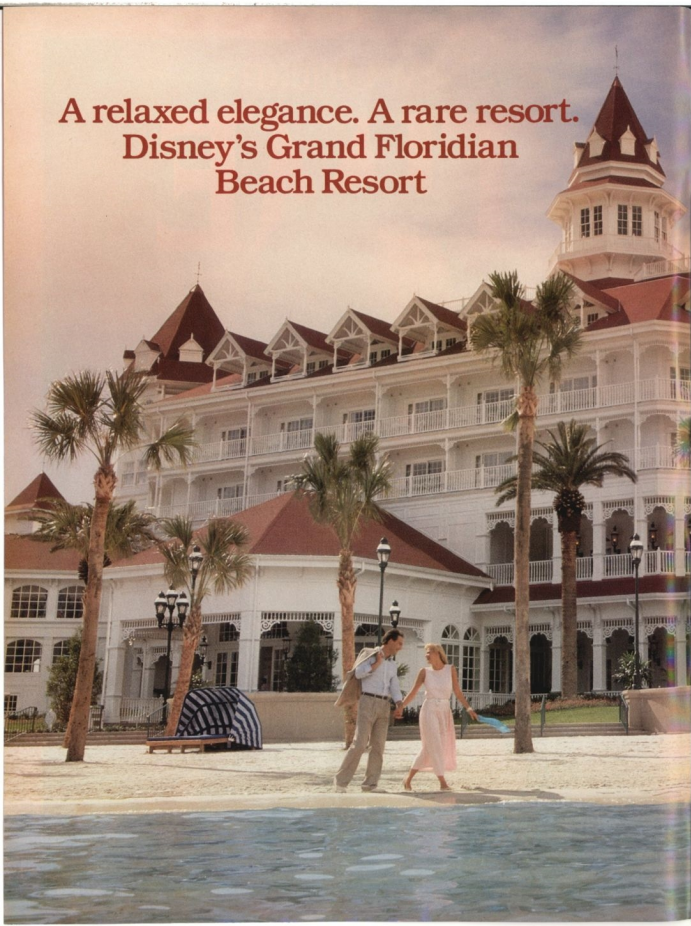
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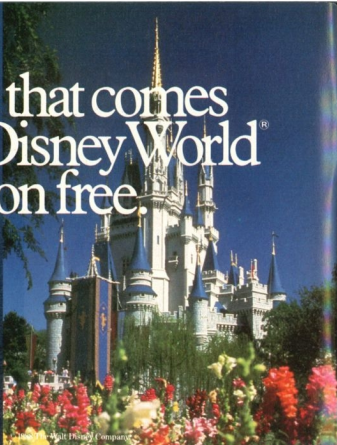
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Premier's Cruise and Walt Disney World Week. From \$540.

COVER: Can George Bush emerge from the shadow of Ronald Reagan? 16

After seven years of loyal service, the Vice President must offer his own vision to America. Will the Reagan legacy harm or help him? ▶ "I've been underestimated over and over again," Bush tells TIME. "He's a blank slate," says Michael Dukakis. ▶ Garry Wills on the rise of the ultimate yes-man. ▶ Calvin Trillin discovers a newer, prepackaged New Orleans. ▶ See NATION.



WORLD: Violent protests in Burma bring down a despised strongman 40

But will the fall of President Sein Lwin put an end to a quarter-century of harsh one-party rule and isolation from the rest of the world? ▶ The impending agreement between South Africa, Angola and Cuba is a triumph for U.S. Diplomat Chester Crocker. ▶ Iraq and Iran agree to a cease-fire, but chemical weapons, those hellish poisons will remain the disturbing legacy of their war.



TECHNOLOGY: All aboard the maglev, the levitating, hyperfast train of the future 58

The race is on to build a new breed of trains. With the aid of electromagnets, they will whiz along at speeds of around 300 m.p.h. When they arrive, perhaps in the 1990s, they could revolutionize travel and relieve the pressure on the jammed and increasingly unfriendly skies. The question is who will dominate the market—the West Germans or the Japanese?



52 Economy & Business

Rupert Murdoch takes a \$3 billion magazine gamble. ▶ Interest rates jump. ▶ The honeymoon is over for Moët and Vuitton.

70 Cinema

In Jonathan Demme's nifty Mafia farce, *Married to the Mob*, Michelle Pfeiffer certifies her rep as dream queen of '80s comedy.

60 Religion

The world's Anglican bishops barely paper over their cultural differences on women clergy, homosexuality and other matters.

71 Ethics

A lesbian's fight to see her disabled lover becomes a cause célèbre for handicapped- and gay-rights activists across the country.

62 Law

In a major defeat for the prochoice movement, a federal court upholds a Minnesota law that restricts teenagers' right to abortion.

75 Science

Astronomers discover and photograph a galaxy 15 billion light-years away, the most distant yet seen by man.

64 Sport

A sellout crowd roars, television is served and a bright tradition dims as Wrigley Field becomes the last in baseball to light up.

76 Show Business

A new movie, *Clean and Sober*, spotlights Hollywood's changing—well, vacillating—attitude toward drug and alcohol addiction.

6 Letters
9 Critics' Choice
12 American Scene
61 Theater
65 Books
69 Medicine
69 Milestones
72 People
74 Photography

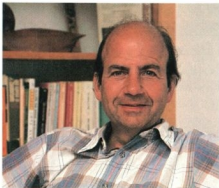
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William Coupon

A Letter from the Publisher

His seasoned wit is matched only by his appetite for good food, but Calvin Trillin is a man whose passions have always transcended the purely gustatory. The author of such critically touted books as *Third Helpings* (1983) and *If You Can't Say Something Nice* (1987), the Kansas City-born humorist, novelist and columnist also has a knack for capturing the offbeat flavor of American life. Last month Trillin contributed a portrait of Atlanta as part of TIME's coverage of the Democratic National Convention. This week Trillin's supple pen is trained on New Orleans, where the Republicans have converged for their own presidential hoopla.

For Trillin, the assignments have been pure gravy. "It's very natural for me to write about the city rather than the convention," he says. "Political reporters are only interested in what people are like in, say, a county in Iowa to the extent that it gives some indication of how they're going to vote. I'm only interested in how they voted to the extent that it gives me an indication of what the people are like."

Trillin's return to the South constitutes a double homecoming of sorts. Hired by TIME as a correspondent in 1960, he spent a year in Atlanta, then moved to New York City, where he worked in several sections before writing about national affairs.



No longer floating: Trillin relaxes at home

He left TIME in 1963 to join *The New Yorker*. In 1980 Trillin published the novel *Floater*, which depicts the journalistic misadventures of Fred Becker, a newsmagazine writer who "floats" from section to section. Among the book's characters are Doc Kennedy, a medicine writer who keeps coming down with the ailments that he writes about, and Woody Fenton, a managing editor who communicates mainly with phrases like "Golly" and "Jumping Jehoshaphat." Alas, no mention is made of the magazine's publisher.

"I didn't write it as an exposé," Trillin says with a chuckle. "I actually liked being a floater." Naturally, the experience of working for TIME has evolved since Trillin last did it 25 years

ago. "The magazine is much more open in terms of the writing now," he says. "The idea of using an outside writer like me to do a piece was unheard of back then." Still, Trillin learned that even at TIME, some things never change. Says he: "Even after all these years, writing for TIME made me feel as if I'd floated into the Essay section before moving on to Religion, or maybe Sports, the next week." But preferably not Medicine.

Robert L. Miller

"Some men see things as they are and say 'Why?'
I dream things that never were and say 'Why not?'"

1968

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Letters

Deadly Waters

To the Editors:

Your cover story "The Dirty Seas" [ENVIRONMENT, Aug. 1] filled me with shame, despair and outrage. Sadly enough, the pollution you describe will not stop when Congress passes another law or a city finds a larger garbage dump. It will end only when Americans realize the folly of their "disposable society."

Mary K. Ahmad
Salinas, Calif.

The observation expressed by Texas environmentalist Sharron Stewart that "we know more about space than the deep ocean" is relevant, because we may need to start planning a move to another planet if we keep treating the earth as poorly as we have been.

Christopher L. Sherman
Mason, Ohio

To the thousands of patrons who visit Mariner's Landing in Wildwood, N.J., the background in the photograph of a dead dolphin on the beach, "rotting near an amusement park on southern New Jersey's beleaguered shore," is recognizable as our amusement pier. The picture conveys a false impression because it was taken one year ago, since then the Wildwood



beaches and waters have been as clean as ever, and the area does not have beleaguered shores. The dead dolphin was one of many that mysteriously appeared in 1987 along the Atlantic seaboard from New Jersey southward.

Will Morey, Vice President
Mariner's Landing Inc.
Wildwood, N.J.

In his novel *Time Enough for Love*, the late Robert A. Heinlein stated that "any organism which grows without limit

always dies in its own poisons." Would our oceans be so filthy if the population of the planet were only 5 million instead of 5 billion? Will we learn to limit our growth? Is it already too late?

Dana Chatellier
Newark, Del.

Imagine a whale or a dolphin swimming through the only world it has, trying to make sense of the water that now eats away its skin and that it cannot escape or live without.

Jessica G. Gugino
Newton, Mass.

Dear Governor Dukakis

Former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger's open letter to Governor Michael Dukakis criticizing his grasp of national security [NATION, Aug. 1] should cause alarm bells to ring for Dukakis' supporters. Competence and managerial excellence are not enough for Dukakis to overcome his apparent ignorance or dislike of defense issues and the military.

James R. LeFebvre
Intervale, N.H.

Schlesinger is wrong when he says Dukakis' record on national security is not reassuring. When the U.S. spends \$28 billion on an airplane that won't work, the

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Letters

question isn't whether Dukakis must "acquire a better feel for these complexities." I think he can add two and two.

*John Queen
Hutchinson, Kans.*

Schlesinger writes, "For us unilaterally to curtail our strategic programs . . . would remove much of the Soviet Union's military incentive for compromise." I see it just the other way: it would give Mikhail Gorbachev a splendid opportunity to cut his own arms costs and get his economy in order, as he seems truly eager to do.

*Tertius Chandler
Berkeley*

Convention Watching

To your question "Do Conventions Turn Off the Public?" [VIDEO, Aug. 1], the answer is no. Many people like me chose to watch the gavel-to-gavel coverage offered by Cable News Network and C-SPAN. I plan to do the same for the Republicans this month.

*Marc S. Dickerman
New York City*

You say ABC's *Roone Arledge* has suggested that the Democrats and Republicans "come up with something more appealing" to the public in the way of political conventions. This is exactly what I

find objectionable about them now. The process is designed to attract viewers instead of observe and inform.

*David P. Himmel
Dallas*

I watched the broadcasts of the Democrats in Atlanta because I wanted to know what they had to say. Whenever the commentators opened their mouths, I switched to another channel.

*Charles E. Gasperi
Denver*

Ignoring the Obvious

I am skeptical of Michael Dukakis' opposition to apartheid. In his choice of an obscure running mate, Lloyd Bentsen [NATION, July 25], he ducked the obvious candidate, Jesse Jackson. Did he fear losing the white vote?

*Derek Sherlock
Kloof, South Africa*

Pushing Up Paychecks

It is very easy to construct a case in support of increasing the minimum wage if one is unfamiliar with pay-scale practices in industry [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Aug. 1]. A common procedure is to have an ascending scale, starting from the base minimum, and rising with set differentials

for various jobs. If we raise the minimum wage, we automatically boost all pay, which, of course, inevitably results in wage inflation, and that is to the detriment of everyone.

*Cornelius C. Bond
Easton, Md.*

Your article "The Incredible Shrinking Paycheck" may be accurate but it is nonetheless irrelevant. No minimum wage will really help the poor unless it is combined with a maximum wage. Every increase in minimum wage will be accompanied almost immediately by comparable or greater raises for all the employees who are not earning a minimum wage. It is not solely the amount of money a worker receives that determines poverty or prosperity. A key factor is the disparity between a person's earnings and the amounts necessary to purchase housing, food and other essentials. Only when the top incomes are capped can raising minimums become effective.

*Dorothy T. Samuel
St. Cloud, Minn.*

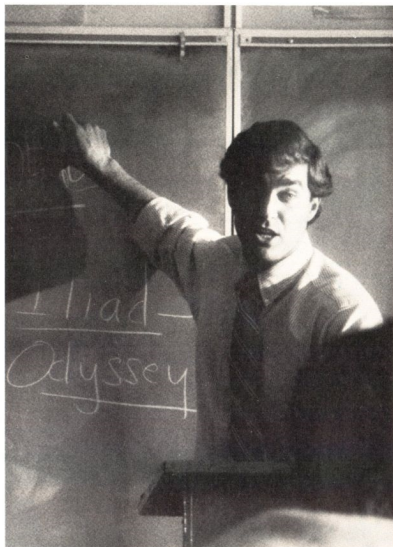
Meese's Questionable Conduct

I can't believe that after 14 months and \$1.7 million of the taxpayers' money, no conclusive verdict can be reached on Edwin Meese's ethical behavior as Attor-

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Letters

ney General [NATION, Aug. 1]. To think that an 830-page study is not enough, and that further investigation and another public report are pending, makes me wonder why we even bother keeping tabs on the national deficit. How much money must we spend to be sure whether Meese did anything wrong or not?

Betty C. Jung
Vicksburg, Miss.

Perhaps we could not expect Meese to look to St. Paul's *First Epistle to the Thesalonians* for practical advice on how to be a good Attorney General, but he could at least pay attention to Machiavelli. St. Paul said, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Machiavelli, speaking of virtuous character in rulers, said, "It is not essential . . . that a prince should have all the good qualities . . . But it is most essential that he should seem to have them."

Dorothy G. Barnhouse
San Francisco

Sidewalks in the Sky

In his article berating skywalks [DESIGN, Aug. 1], Kurt Andersen asserts that these elevated passages pull pedestrians away from the "richness of the city." Could he be more specific? Does the wealth he refers to include smog, trash, crime, traffic congestion, drugs, the homeless and gangs?

Wendy A. Munster
Long Beach, Calif.

Andersen replies: Yes, among other things, like window-shopping, greeting friends and listening to street musicians.

A more evenhanded approach would have taken note of the economic and physical condition of the central business districts of affected cities before the advent of skybridges. In the case of Charlotte, N.C., no innovation has had a more positive impact. Facilitating the safe, efficient and convenient movement of pedestrians is rightly characterized as progress, not a fad.

William E. Little Jr.
Charlotte, N.C.

Clarification

To illustrate the American Note "They Just Said Yes," on the investigation of drug use by two National Security Council clerks and three uniformed Secret Service guards [NATION, July 11], TIME used a photograph that showed Secret Service guards Sergeant William Healy and Officer Kevin P. Cleary outside the White House. TIME wishes to make it clear that neither was involved in the drug probe.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Critics' Choice

THEATER

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'. The joint is jumpin', again: the jubilant Fats Waller songbook that won three 1978 Tony awards returns to Broadway with the original staging and cast, including Nell Carter.

KING LEAR. Ontario's Stratford Festival shows why it is the biggest repertory theater company in North America in this splendid staging. William Hutt excels as the timeworn king.

FRANKENSTEIN—PLAYING WITH FIRE. The doctor tracks his doomed creation to the North Pole in a visually arresting, high-tech version, told in flashback, at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis.

MUSIC

KARLA BONOFF: NEW WORLD (Gold Castle). Ballads as personal and focused as the

last pages of a diary. Bonoff makes music that is spacious of spirit but clearheaded about the byways of romance.

NIELSEN: SYMPHONY NO. 5; MASQUERADE (CBS). Somebody has to make a case for Carl Nielsen, and Conductor Esa-Pekka Salonen certainly does, in both the strikingly original symphony and the dazzling excerpts from the opera.

JEAN SIBELIUS: VIOLIN CONCERTO, KARELIA SUITE; FINLANDIA (Finlandia). Miriam Fried gives a passionate performance of the dour Finn's splendid concerto.

CINEMA

TUCKER. Francis Ford Coppola fashions a grand entertainment from the heroic efforts of Preston Tucker to market his 1948 "car of tomorrow." Jeff Bridges and Martin Landau front a splendid cast.

MONKEY SHINES. Man meets capuchin monkey; monkey falls for man; monkey goes bananas. George A. Romero's deft thriller is the best ape movie since the 1933 *King Kong*.

BAMBI. This 1942 Disney fable has everything a child could fear or want: a forest fire, a mother's death, cute comedy and a deer heart to cherish. Bonus: Bambi's bunny pal Thumper makes Roger Rabbit look like a wimp.

TELEVISION

TANNER '88: THE REALITY CHECK (HBO, debuting Aug. 22, 10 p.m. EDT). Dukakis has won the nomination, but Tanner, TV's alternative candidate, is pondering a third-party run in the final cable installment of Robert Altman and Garry Trudeau's ingenious political satire.

DRESS GRAY (NBC, Aug. 21 and 22, 9 p.m. EDT). Gore Vi-

dal's script brings intelligence and bite to a tale of shady doings at a military academy. One rerun worth saluting.

40TH ANNUAL PRIME-TIME EMMY AWARDS (Fox, Aug. 28, 8 p.m. EDT). *L.A. Law* leads in the nominations as the TV community gathers once again to recognize its best and listen to windy thank-yous.

BOOKS

MARKETS by Martin Mayer (Norton; \$18.95). What you need to know about stocks, bonds, commodities and the ways professionals stack the deck, by a gilt-edged financial journalist.

THE LETTERS OF EDITH WHARTON (Scribner's; \$29.95). The writer's marvelously acute and poignant love letters, penned during an ill-fated mid-life affair, offer a new look at the private pains of a publicly triumphant life.

"A totally new view of the oldest continent."

That's how native Australian Harry Butler describes this new book by the creator of *Eye on America* and *Scottish Symphony*. From vital cities to the vast Outback, all the drama Down Under is captured in eye-filling

color panoramas. "Ruetz," Butler writes in his Introduction, "has come as close as anyone can to exposing Australia's essential character." With 61 color illustrations, including 5 panoramic foldouts.

A U S T R A L I A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL RUETZ • INTRODUCTION BY HARRY BUTLER

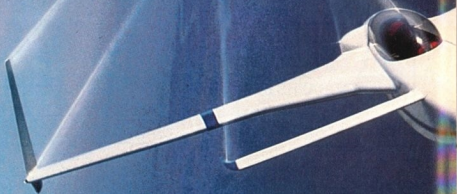
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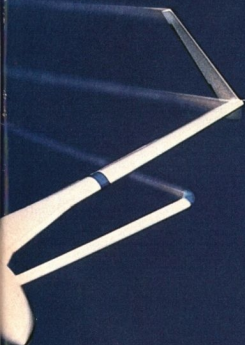
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American Scene

In New Jersey: A Boy Grows Towering Tall

"I want to grow tall." That was the birthday gift Reza Garakani, 14, one of the world's shortest dwarfs, would ask of friends and relatives year after year. His parents would joke and bluff their way through the painful moment. "Maybe next year, champ!" Later in the night they would cry themselves to sleep together. Their son's wish, like that of more than 50,000 other Americans who suffer from some form of dwarfism, had long been ungrantable.

The immigrants from Iran had eager-

sired for years and years. Even now, he uses baby chairs and desks for homework and a stool to reach the bathroom sink."

The father, thanks to his expertise, could more easily learn to cope. Moreover, as part of his continuing training, he was in analysis. "I broke down and cried before my analyst," he recalls. Two additional factors helped: "I had been treating a dwarf, and I am short myself." He is 5 ft. 2 in. tall.

Reza, from early childhood, felt guilty for the pain his condition caused the fam-

ily. He tried to compensate by becoming a totally undemanding, problem-free child. "His efforts to please me used to kill me," says his mother. "I always wished he would do something to make me angry. He never would, even when he was in pain."

Reza reads a lot, especially stories about the weak using stratagems to beat the strong. An example is *The Pushcart War* by Jean Merrill, the tale of a battle between pushcart vendors and truck drivers that the pushcart vendors win despite apparently hopeless odds, a triumph of brain over brawn. The movie *The Elephant Man* brought tears to his eyes. "It reminded me of my problem. I am small, but not bad or strange." He likes Tom and Jerry cartoons. "I feel like Jerry. Tom picks on him the same way people pick on me." In a world full of Toms, he still prefers to take his chances with people rather than retreat into seclusion. He won a trophy for dramatic performance at summer camp, and two for baseball in local Little League competitions.

For his 13th birthday, in June 1987, the Garakanis offered 40-in. Reza his dream gift—a chance for deliverance from life imprisonment in a three-year-old's body. But, his father warned, "you have to pay for it with perhaps three years of pain." Reza answered, "It can't be worse than the hell I have already gone through."

Garakani bluntly explained the Ilizarov bone-stretching surgical procedure, developed in the Soviet Union to correct dwarfism, which Dr. Victor Frankel, president and head of orthopedic surgery at Manhattan's Hospital for Joint Diseases, intended to introduce into the U. S. The shin, thigh and upper-arm bones would be cut clear through, leaving only the bone cavity and the marrow intact. A special frame, with steel pins going through the bone on each side of the cut, would keep the pieces in line and allow them to be pulled apart a millimeter a day. New bone would form and fill in the gap, adding at least 7 in. to the shin, 5 in. to the thigh and 5 in. to the upper-arm bones. Reza would become at least a foot taller.

"Let's do it, Dad. I'm ready." The father remembers: "Reza was calm, but dead serious. Like his mother, he's all heart." Reza says, "I was afraid. But they offered me something I had prayed for all my life."

On the morning of last April 4, Reza was lying down on his hospital bed, flipping TV channels with the remote-control device while Dr. Frankel and Dr. Wallace Lehman, the chief pediatric orthopedic surgeon, were discussing the procedure. Occasionally, Reza would turn his gaze from the set, which was on a rack near the ceiling, to the window, with its view of drab gray apartment buildings, not sky. The family was looking on. "We'll make a cut here, and one here, if we can," said Dr. Frankel, drawing imaginary lines across the top and the bottom of Reza's right shin. Two cuts would divide the shin into three pieces, allowing it to be stretched at two points. "Or a single cut here if calculations prove his tibia too short for two cuts," said Dr. Lehman, touching the middle of the shin. The doctors did not know yet whether the bone-stretching frame could hold in line Reza's shin in three pieces. The parents and Reza's brother Amir, 12, barely contained a wince whenever the doctors said the word cut. But Reza, unconcerned, continued to flip the TV channels, even when Dr. Vladimir Golyakovsky, a hospital fellow, came in with the frame, which looks like a cylindrical birdcage. He explained that the pins forming the bottom, the top and the middle floors of the cage would all go through Reza's shin.

"I've felt scared sometimes the last few days," he said after the doctors were



Reza Garakani is growing up on mind control, courage and a little Demerol

ly awaited Reza's birth in June 1974 as the symbol of their new life in the U. S. Houshang Garakani of Englewood Cliffs, N.J., a psychiatrist, had just launched his private practice in Manhattan. His wife Sadri had won entry into a master's program in educational psychology at New York University, an initial step on the path that would lead to her becoming president of the Englewood Cliffs board of education.

A hospital resident broke the news to a sedated and groggy Sadri, barely a day after Reza's birth. "I have bad news. Your son is achondroplastic." He explained that the boy's long bones, those of the thighs, shins and arms, would not grow much. "It's O.K. His father is short too," she remembers answering drowsily. The doctor ran out of euphemisms. "He'll be a dwarf." She collapsed into sobs, protesting, "God, I don't deserve this. I have done nothing wrong." It was another day before the fighter in her took over, and she began to prepare for the challenge. "I knew I would be taking care of a boy who would not be able to reach doorknobs, refrigerator handles, light switches and the

ily. He tried to compensate by becoming a totally undemanding, problem-free child. "His efforts to please me used to kill me," says his mother. "I always wished he would do something to make me angry. He never would, even when he was in pain."

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For his 13th birthday, in June 1987, the Garakanis offered 40-in. Reza his

American Scene

gone. "But I've heard that's normal. Soldiers say they feel the same way on the way to a battle."

In the ward the mother yielded to an eleven-hour anxiety attack. "Am I doing the right thing?" she asked. The father had one answer: "He wants to become a functional human being. We shouldn't deny him the chance to fight for that." Reza gave her the definitive response in the early-morning hours of April 5, during countdown to surgery. "When this is over," he told his mother, "I'm not going to be nice to those who don't deserve it." He ticked off recollections of deep, silently tolerated anguish inflicted by pitting glances, patronizing caresses, crass jokes and outright ridicule. "I've survived because I've had the greatest family and school friends in the world. But they won't be there forever. I'll be on my own soon. I have to do it."

Reza went into the operating room and came out of the recovery room smiling. Several relatives did not have the stomach to look at his right shin, cut into three pieces, with steel pins going through the bone at three points to keep them in line. At first he refused to take pain-killers hours after the anesthesia had worn off. "They say that stuff makes you a junkie." Nine days later, he underwent an operation on the left thigh bone. The postoperative pain was much worse this time. But he kept fighting. "Just spare me the stupid jokes. This is serious business," he told his mom when she quipped that he was growing a mustache. This time he accepted some Demerol, and when it gave him a high, he became a little boastful. "Uncle Mozaffar tried to talk me out of this. He said it didn't matter if I could never drive a car, date girls or play games. He said the pain wouldn't be worth it. I don't blame him. He wasn't born in the U.S.A. I was." He drifted into sleep, smiling contentedly.

"He looks ten feet tall to me already," said Amir.

Reza is now at home, lying on an adjustable hospital bed or sitting in the wheelchair his parents have bought him. He has had surgery three more times since April to separate bone pieces that closed the gap and joined prematurely. So far, his right shin is stretched by 5 in. and his left thigh by 3 in. His skin and muscles are drawn painfully taut. He survives on codeine, Demerol, other pain-killers and huge doses of mind control and courage. He has to undergo at least three more sets of operations—on the upper arms, the right thigh and the left shin. He broke down one day and ordered everybody out of the room. "I want to be by myself!" Did he regret the operation? "No!" he screamed. "Grownups cry for much less pain! Leave me alone, please!"

Later, in a less anguished moment, he recalls his old bed, now in the basement. "I don't want to see that bed ever again," he says. "That low bed was made for a midget."

—By Raji Samghabadi

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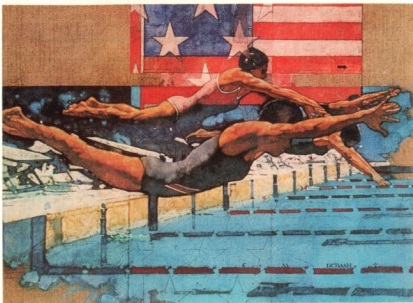
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THE DRIVE TO WIN:

*A coach's perspective
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MICHAEL DUDASH

Every athlete good enough to make the team has the potential for at least one record-smashing, medal-winning performance. That's the philosophy of Richard Quick, head coach of the U.S. Olympic Swim Team. And his job is to make sure this once-in-a-lifetime performance takes place at the Games in Seoul this summer.

ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING

"People set their own limits," says Quick. "I've always thought you can accomplish pretty much anything you set your mind to providing you believe it."

For the skeptics in the crowd, Quick is ready with a favorite example from recent swim history. He cites what he likes to call the "Mark Spitz phenomenon." In that category, he puts all those swimmers who have topped the records Spitz set during his amazing seven-medal triumph in 1972. "Most have neither his natural talent nor his superior training, and yet they've been able to swim faster than he did," Quick

marvels. "They've just said to themselves, 'hey, if he did it, I can beat it.'"

Does that mean with the right attitude anything is possible? Quick laughs. "I know that some day we're going to hit the limit, but right now I don't even think we're scratching the surface."

A SQUAD OF RECORD BREAKERS

Quick believes several American swimmers have a shot at setting new records in Seoul: freestyle champs Matt Biondi and Tom Jager, Dave Wharton in the 400-meter individual medley, 1984 silver medalist Betsy Mitchell and three-time Olympian Mary T. Meagher.

Quick pins his highest hopes on 16-year-old newcomer Janet Evans. Just 5 feet 4 inches and weighing in at 100 pounds, Evans will be squaring off against Astrid Strauss of East Germany. Strauss is almost a foot taller and 75-pounds heavier than the diminutive Evans, but Quick is confident. "If anyone believes in herself enough to win, it's Janet," he says.

STAYING ON TRACK FOR SEOUL

The U.S. squad will have only five weeks to train together before Seoul—a short time, but a crucial one nonetheless. Some swimmers tend to lose their self-confidence once they make the team qualifying trials in August. Quick explains: "In the trials, these athletes will swim better than they ever have before in their lives. In the Olympics, they will have to swim even better than that. I have to make sure they arrive on the starting block in Seoul with all the self-confidence and determination they can muster."

Other swimmers get hyper and train too hard prior to the Games. "You want people to conserve their strength and stick with the techniques that have been successful for them," Quick says. "But there's a tendency for athletes to want to try new things just because it's the Olympics."

THE PERFORMANCE OF A LIFETIME

According to Richard Quick, the competition in Seoul will be rigorous. A number of countries have improved their squads since the last Games, and the competitive level in the sport has been rising all over the world for the past decade. But there is no need for worry. With Quick at the helm, it's a good bet the U.S. team will be ready to turn in the performance of a lifetime.



EVANS ALLEN CAMP

**Richard Quick,
coach of
the 1988
U.S. Olympic
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TIME/AUGUST 22, 1988

COVER STORIES

The Torch Is Passed

How the shadow of Reagan's smile, and his legacy laced with illusions, may haunt Bush

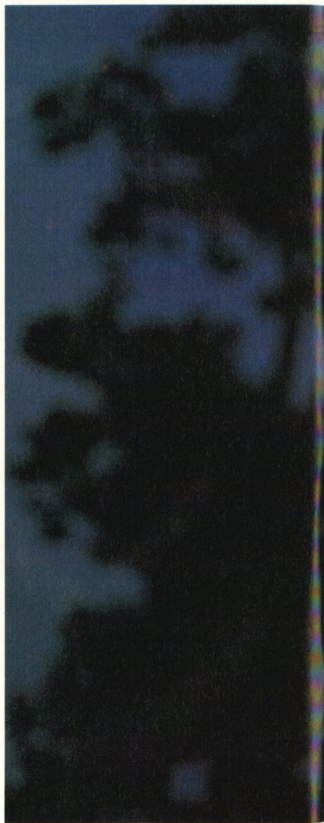


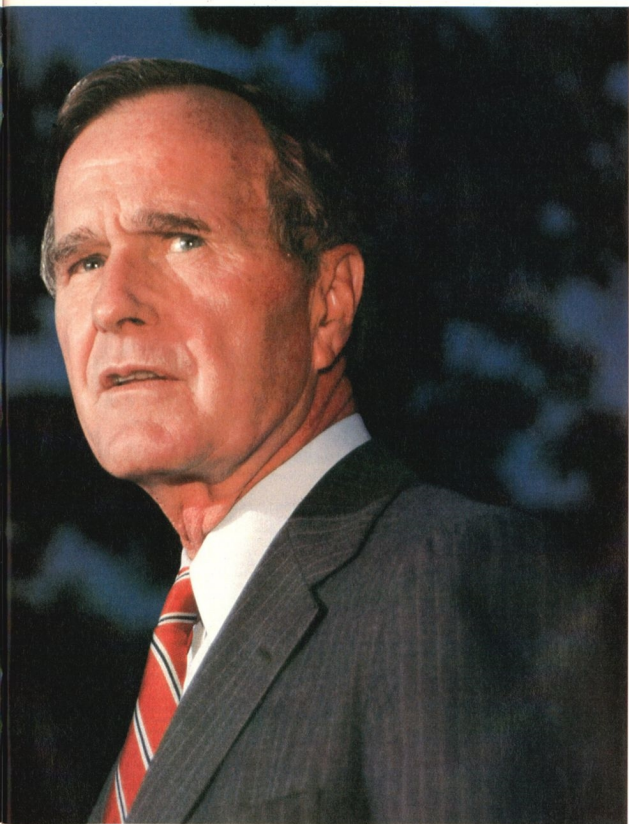
Twenty years ago, as part of a revolt against an era of Big Government, the name of Ronald Reagan was first put in nomination at a Republican Convention. Richard Nixon won top billing that year, but it was the favorite-son Governor of California who would prove to be the party's most enduring inspiration. First in graceful defeat, then in glorious triumph, and finally as a reassuring symbol of the presidency itself, Reagan became the conservative constant through two decades of Republican resurgence. This Monday in New Orleans, the era's most successful Republican politician will take the podium to thunderous applause and, as part of his final bow, urge Americans to continue his legacy by supporting George Herbert Walker Bush, the dutiful deputy who has been tapped as his heir.

There is an inherent uneasiness in all dynastic succession. Bush embraced the true conservative faith late in life, and purists still question his ideological pedigree. He fully understands that he must woo the national electorate as a man of the future rather than the past, which is why he declared in one major speech, "I do not hate government."

But for all the talk about Bush's asserting his political independence, the Vice President cannot hope to defeat Michael Dukakis without standing on the shoulders of the President. Bush appears, on present form at least, overmatched as a candidate, offering the voters little more than a résumé without a rationale. Yet as the crown prince, the authorized inheritor of the Reaganite mantle, Bush may still be able to rally the faithful behind the implicit message of "Four More Years."

In its narrowest terms, the Reagan record allows Bush to run as the candidate of peace and prosperity. Whether it is Soviet troops withdrawing in disarray from Afghanistan or a leader in the Kremlin who wants, in Reaganite fashion, to get the commissars off the backs of productive enterprise, the world appears to be fulfilling the President's boldest dreams. At home, most Americans have enjoyed the longest peacetime economic expansion in modern history. The "misery index"—that combination of inflation and unemployment rates that the Democrats invoked to bedevil Gerald Ford in 1976—now stands at less than 10, roughly half what it was when Jimmy Carter left office. Rea-







THE REPUBLICANS



TEXAS: AS A FREEWHEELING BUCKAROO IN HOUSTON...



...AND BARBECUING WITH BARBARA NEAR SAN ANTONIO



MAINE: SHARING A SMILE WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER...



...AND ENDURING A RAINY MEETING WITH REPORTERS

gan has also fulfilled his antigovernment pledge to drastically slash income-tax rates.

That might be enough if the Constitution allowed the President to run, for a third term, instead of Bush. But the very orchestration of the New Orleans convention, with Reagan leading off and the Vice President batting cleanup, emphasizes the philosophic legacy that Bush will formally accept Thursday night. The Republican nominee is inescapably cast in the role of the grateful inheritor. But what precisely is Reagan's bequest?

Even though the Administration has been exhausted—intellectually and politically—for nearly two years, Reagan has been able, in the words of his former domestic-policy planner, Martin Anderson, to sculpt "America's policy agenda well into the 21st century." At the very least, he has defined the political debate. Opinion polls show some vague unease about the economy's future, along with renewed interest in federal solutions for a variety of domestic ills. Still, Reagan's preachments about the evils of Big Government and high progressive tax rates continue to dominate the political landscape. Even his failures, the most monumental being the nation's mounting debt, have served to constrain the discussion. Recalling Reagan's record as Governor of California in a lead editorial recently, the *Los Angeles Times* noted that "in subtle ways, Reagan made it acceptable to resent assistance to poor people. No longer was there emphasis on the citizens fulfilling their collective responsibility to society through the vehicle of government."

The Reagan persona, as well as his policies, is an important aspect of his legacy, changing the way Americans view leadership. He bestrides this election as an almost metaphysical force in the nation's political consciousness. Just as Jimmy Carter gave a bad name to intellect and hands-on attention to detail,

Reagan has helped exalt the importance of a clear philosophical vision, even if the clarity is partly the result of his refusal to face unpleasant facts. Though cruelly diminished by scandal, Reagan is still widely perceived as the model of a strong President. In fact, for many voters under 30, he has become almost synonymous with the job itself; since World War II, only Dwight Eisenhower, that other benign patriarch, served as long a tenure in the White House. It is no mystery why a conventional politician like Bush seems so wan in comparison and why an unfettered challenger like Dukakis remains so cautious in attacking the incumbent. Reagan has molded public attitudes too much in his own cheerful, nostalgic image to permit otherwise.

Reagan's ability to overfly troubles of his own making on a magic carpet woven of his own illusions remains a wonderment. He has helped banish bad news from the political lexicon. "There are no bitter pills among Ronald Reagan's jelly beans," explains a durable adviser. But eight years of smile-button politics leave a heavy burden for those who would follow, Democrat or Republican. No matter how intractable the problems, the American people have come to expect can-do homilies from their President. Any honest talk about sacrifice or yielding self-interest to the common interest is as politically dubious as repeating Jimmy Carter's malaise speech. During the primaries, candidates of both parties who tried cold candor encountered glacial resistance. Reagan has redefined the presidency into a cheerful con game that works best when the man in the Oval Office believes his own upbeat patter.

He created the Free Lunch illusion, a permissive fantasy in which America could indulge: less taxes, more defense spending, unlimited imported gewgaws and privatization of the obligations



THE REPUBLICANS



THE ENDORSEMENT: CAN BUSH BE A MAN OF THE FUTURE AND NOT THE PAST?

of community. Even as the nation's economy retreated in the face of the Japanese challenge, Reaganite gospel clung to the illusion that the cavalry would ride to the rescue in the last reel in the form of painless economic growth. "Maybe," muses a former White House adviser, "it is impossible in our time for a President to be both inspirational and candid with the people."

That Reagan failed even to try is perhaps the most tragic part of the legacy. By the beginning of his second term, Reagan had enough credibility to use his inspirational skill to talk straight to the American people. He could at least have attempted to confront the inequities and flaws of Reaganomics by investing some of his capital as the Great Communicator. But he passed up the chance, making it even harder for any successor to bear bad tidings.

As Bush struggles mightily this week to create an inspiring vision of Reaganism as he would adapt it for the 1990s, he will have to confront the limits of living on borrowed ideology. The militant conservatism that helped propel Reagan to power in 1980 was a philosophy born of frustration. Even when Nixon and Ford held the White House, conservatives felt disenfranchised. That is why it was so easy for Reagan to articulate their resentments over high taxes and meddlesome federal bureaucrats. But because of the very success of Reaganism, Republicans can no longer stoke themselves up with anti-Establishment resentment.

That helps explain why Bush, rather than a right-wing populist of the original Reagan mold, will be making the acceptance speech on Thursday. By breeding and association, he is part of the Establishment that Reagan challenged in 1976 and defeated in 1980. But enough of Reagan's original agenda has been adopt-

ed to slake the most urgent thirsts of the right wing. The income-tax monster has been shrunk, the Democratic Congress is leery of huge new programs, the Viet Nam syndrome no longer paralyzes American foreign policy, and the federal judiciary has been Reaganized. "In this environment," says Burton Pines of the Heritage Foundation, "it's harder than it was eight, ten years ago to find conservatives with real fire in their bellies."

One measure of Reaganism's continued impact can be seen in Bush's evolution. A practical man who can read a balance sheet, Bush knew in 1980 that supply-side math could not add up for very long. He had the guts, as Reagan's rival for the nomination, to name it "voodoo economics." Today, like Dukakis, Bush knows there is a long list of public needs that cannot be met without some difficult choices, including a revenue increase (none dare call it taxes). But in the Balkanized G.O.P. of 1988, Bush had to get a large share of Reagan loyalists to win the nomination. And he had to reassure other voters still mesmerized by the Free Lunch illusion that he would not be presenting a large bill for the meal. Hence his early and oft-made pledge: "I am not going to raise your taxes—period."

This aspect of Reagan's shadow would constrain options significantly, no matter who the next President is. Should a recession occur during the period of crushing national debt, there would be little room for maneuver. That is why commentators as diverse as Republican Analyst Kevin Phillips and Democratic Senator William Proxmire have suggested that November's victorious party may turn out to be history's loser. That would be the final irony of Reagan's legacy: a Bush presidency destroyed by the very ideology that allowed him to fill in the final line of his résumé.

—By Laurence I. Barrett/Washington



"I've Been Underestimated"

The Vice President tells TIME he will "outwork, outhustle, outrun and outknowledge" Michael Dukakis



On the eve of his nomination, George Bush seemed in an upbeat mood as he met with TIME Correspondents Robert Ajemian and David Beckwith in his White House office. Halfway through the discussion last Friday, the Vice President excused himself to take a call from his campaign chairman, James A. Baker. On his return, a deadpan look on his face, Bush declared he had called on his executive skills to "straighten the new kid out." Excerpts from the interview:

Q. Critics say you still have not defined a vision of America, or where you want to take the country.

A. We're defining it every single day. But you know what I don't hear? I don't hear the refrain "How are you going to distance yourself from the President?" anymore. One reason is, I'm defining in specific speeches and position papers what I'll do. Some of it might be totally compatible with what the President has done and said. But there are some differences: opening up the tax structure, drug czar, ethics program, a little different emphasis on the specifics of education. This is what George Bush wants to do.

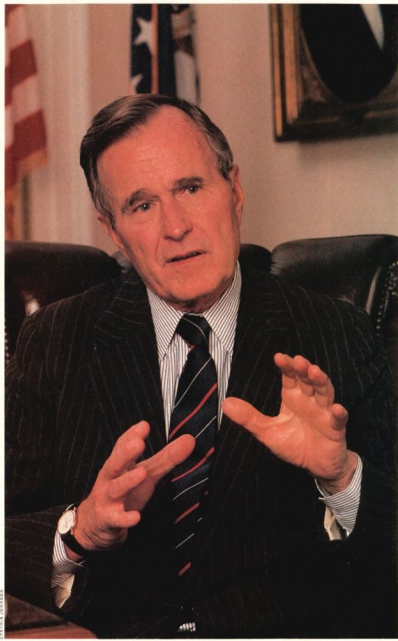
Q. But I don't hear you saying exactly why you want to be President.

A. I've said over and over again why I want to be President. My trip to Poland [in 1987] drove home to me the disproportionate responsibility of the United States. I know enough about the churning in Eastern Europe today to think that maybe there is a chance, not a fifty-fifty but a longer-shot chance, of having more freedom for the people there if we handle our policy of differentiation correctly and build on it. I want to offer the hope of freedom to countries around the world because that's the basis of our very being in this country, our own freedoms.

Q. There's a recurring feeling, even among your lifelong friends, that the George Bush they see on television is not the good friend they know. He seems more uneasy, more hesitant, less amusing.

A. I've heard exactly the same thing. I'm six feet two, and when I go out on the campaign trail, people say, "We thought you were a short guy." I've been six-two since I was 18 years old. So I've got to do better, particularly on television, which is mainly where people get their views.

Q. There's a nervousness that you have no clear philosophy, no clear framework that people can see and understand. Do you think a leader needs an identifiable ideology to lift his followers?



GEOFFREY J. ROBERTS



THE REPUBLICANS



A. Yes. You have to have a base in life. In my case, I'm a conservative: don't erode out the private sector, have the Federal Government stay contained but still responsive in certain areas. When I say I'll never apologize for America, I really believe that. And I believe that we are the most decent, fairest, most honorable country in the world. We've got to remain the strongest, and we have to be able to do a disproportionate amount for freedom around the world.

Q. Is there a streak of boldness anywhere in your politics?

A. There are certain things I have done that I take great pride in: going down to El Salvador and talking to those *comandantes* [in 1983], helping shape public opinion on arms control, going over to Europe in the face of those vicious demonstrations [in 1983]. But my philosophy is that when you're part of an Administration, you don't jump out and try to take credit. You are part of a team.

Q. With some, that comes out as too much deference for authority.

A. It doesn't come out that way with the voters, fortunately, because I'm sitting here as one of two people who might be the next President. I know it comes out that way with some, but not with me and not with them. It may have something to do with being Vice President. Nelson Rockefeller told me he had his legs cut off by the White House staff. "I hate this job," he said. But I like the satisfaction of just walking down the hall and telling the President what I think.

Q. Some people think Dukakis is so driven that he wants to be President more than you do.

A. No, no, I don't agree. I've been underestimated over and over again, by political observers and political opponents, and here I am. A lot of people have fallen by the wayside. So no, he is not driven more. I will outwork him, outthrust him, outrun him, and outknowledge him. He has his strengths, but one of them isn't wanting to be President more than I do.

I think I would be better, because I know where I want to see the country go, and I'm not sure he does. Anybody who says ideology doesn't matter, like he does, I don't think that is good enough for America today. America needs to know what drives you, what ideology and philosophy drive you.

Q. He has a reputation as a real hard fighter.

A. But he's playing in a different ball game now. He's not up against a one-party legislature. He's up against George

Bush, who has been tested at this level of American politics, and there's nothing like it. Come on in, the water's fine. We're talking about the big leagues now. We're talking about convictions and experience. We're talking ideology, not just competence. It's different from running for Governor of Massachusetts.

Q. Would there be any real differences in the way you and Dukakis would approach ethics in Government?

A. I spelled out in specifics what I would do. All I've heard out of the opposition is assailing Ed Meese. Ed Meese was not indicted. But Mr. [Gerard] Indelicato in Massachusetts was indicted. So please tell me what the difference is, Governor. One was a high-ranking state education official, indicted, convicted, and on his way to prison. And here is a man standing there with all the chutzpah in the world, point-

"I'm six feet two, and when I go out on the trail, people say, 'We thought you were a short guy.'"

ing the finger at somebody else. And I might say, to get one last political shot in the head, the analogy of a fish rotting from the head down was very offensive to a lot of people in this country. And you're looking at one of them.

Q. You've met and talked with Gorbachev several times. How do you think he would size up Dukakis?

A. I think that if he decided that Dukakis means what he's said—that he really believes in a nuclear freeze, or that we have no business supporting those fighting for freedom in Nicaragua, or that U.S. policy in Angola is all wrong—then our progress we've made with the Soviets would be in jeopardy. There would be no need for the Soviets to continue what they're doing: getting out of Afghanistan, for example, or allowing more Jews to exit the Soviet Union.

So if he thinks Dukakis is going to cut two carrier battle groups, for example, unilaterally, with no concession in conventional or sea forces, then Gorbachev is

going to have a lot of pressure off of him. If he took Dukakis seriously on the freeze, why in the world would he negotiate? The Soviets would say, "What incentive is there for us to do what the Reagan Administration has been urging, and what George Bush would urge us to do?"

Q. You often speak of your grandchildren. What is the most important gift parents can impart to children?

A. Love—that's the most important. And then back them up, and when they get hurt, pick them up and dust them off and put them back in the game. You don't leave them when the going is tough. Give them a lot of love. They'll come home. Ours have.

The most fun I have today in my life is when I'm doing something with my grandkids or with our boys and Doro [the Bushes' daughter Dorothy]. It's the most fun. Nothing else compares, nothing. It's because we give them love and we get it back cubed, quadrupled.

Q. Your opponent often invokes the American dream. Do you think the American dream has become focused on material things?

A. I hope not. I don't think it's a selfish dream, a dream of crass materialism. I think part of the dream ought to be helping the other guy, caring about others.

Q. What else motivates you? Does power excite you, stir you?

A. Not particularly. I've never had a feeling that I was driven by a power-hungry mentality. I don't think in those terms. Just like when I was in business, stacking up money wasn't the only motivation. You want to help people. It's not just the kick out of saying "I'm a powerful person."

Q. Do you view yourself as a conceptualizer or as a person who recognizes ideas that matter?

A. I don't view myself as an intellectual. I view myself as bright and intelligent, but not an intellectual. I am reasonably well read, but not what you would call exceptionally well read. I need help from good people in order to make ... to do what I want to do as President. I think I am good ... I would be good at sorting out bad ideas from good ideas.

Q. On Thursday you'll give the most important speech of your life. What do you want people to say after they hear it?

A. He's a good man. He's the man who, based on his experience and conviction, should lead the United States and the free world. ■



The Ultimate Loyalist

From Andover to Texas to the CIA, George Bush has been a hard man to dislike, no matter what others were doing around him

By Garry Wills



A leading feature in this year's presidential race has been the competitive dramatization of each candidate's concern about the problem of drugs. Border visits with the Coast Guard (to squint suspiciously at fishing trawlers) were alternated with sessions at schools and clinics (following Nancy Reagan's nicely charted rounds). No more enterprising effort was mounted on this front than the Vice President's appearances at Chaffey High School in Ontario, Calif., just before that state's primary. It took the form of three assaults—a role-playing exercise, a box lunch with students who were addicts or were affected by addiction, and a speech to the student body.

In the first session, George Bush was lectured on the dangers of "enabling behavior," that unwillingness to recognize the signs of addiction by which friends or teachers tacitly condone a pervasive drug culture. Bush, with much prompting from an officious young director of the program, is to enact a teacher's concern for a student who has been nodding off in class. The Vice President, casting his eyes uncertainly to the outer ring of reporters, asks what the other "students" will be doing while he approaches the woman teacher playing the student's role. "They will probably be listening," the director responds. The point is to demonstrate awareness of what is going on, to break the unvoiced conspiracy of acceptance. Bush and the "student" wince toward each other asymptotically, oozing

what the one hopes is concern and the other hopes is deference. "Touch her," says the director, "on the shoulder." Breaking the perimeter of mutual embarrassment, Bush makes the merest contact and murmurs inaudibly something about her family. As a whistle-blower, the Vice President has been miscast.

That became even clearer when he took the central seat in the Leonardo-

esque composition of a dozen or so lunchers around a long table. Early on, Bush tried to put himself at ease by telling the students, all brimming with horror stories they are encouraged to tell, "I don't want to talk about what you don't want to." This left the sandwich-room disciples speechless for a moment, each about to be deprived of some carefully prepared item of testimony. But so strong was their sense

of mission that soon, despite Bush's signals of anxiety not to hear, they were topping one another with bad things that had happened to them or their siblings as a result of drugs. Bush nodded his head in obvious sympathy and assured them again, "If any of these questions put you on the spot, don't answer it."

In his speech after lunch, Bush told the student body, "I heard this morning about something called 'enabling behavior'—what other people do to make you think it's O.K. to use drugs." Bush later assured me the words were literally true for him—he had not encountered the term enabling behavior till that day at Chaffey High, despite service in the President's task force on drugs.

A FALSE PERCEPTION OF WEAKNESS

People who are surprised, repeatedly, by what George Bush does not know should keep in mind the keen investigator of the lunch-box last-supper scene at Chaffey. He literally did not want to hear a young teenager tell him about his brother's death from an overdose. Asked in the 1980 campaign what he considered his greatest fault, he answered: "Oh, Lord. Stretch out on the old psychiatrist's couch . . . I guess maybe my weakest attribute is that sometimes I trust people too long." What, the reporter pursued him, does that



POPPY AS "THIS LITTLE GUY," 1929

**He is used
to being liked, and with
good reason.**

Garry Wills, Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University, is the author of *The Kennedy Impression*, *Nixon Agonistes* and *Reagan's America*.

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THE REPUBLICANS



mean? "I dunno. I guess it means I don't always believe that people are out to get me. And that doesn't make me as suspicious as sometimes I should be. . . But that doesn't mean it's a bad quality at all."

Despite the Bertie Wooster inconsequential twists of a statement like that, there is nothing soft about George Bush. That became apparent late in the 1980 campaign. By that time, Bush was part of the Reagan ticket; the long contest was taking its toll and the goofiness bred of confinement in the campaign plane was turning malicious. One particularly frayed television producer took to making faces at Bush, pleased at the discovery that this disconcerted him. The producer escalated his silly war of little indignities, blocking the aisle at one point, pretending to talk to someone else, while Bush tried to pass him. Without a word, Bush grabbed him by the crotch, steered him aside, and passed on. George Bush is authentically nice enough to put one's teeth on edge; but he does not like to be made fun of, and he especially does not like to lose.

Those who maintain, against the false popular assumption, that George Bush is tough point rightly to his war record. John F. Kennedy managed to get his torpedo boat cloven by a slower, clumsier craft, and his father made of it an epic saga (with the help of John Hersey). George Bush had four planes that malfunctioned or were shot out from under him (each one with the name of his fiancée Barbara painted on its fuselage) and went back and back, on 58 missions. The wrenching exhilarations of that time have been captured on the pages of Samuel Hynes' new book, *Flights of Passage*. Like Bush, Hynes enlisted at 18, trained with faulty equipment, flew searches in the Pacific for downed comrades and married his sweetheart on leave. His book evokes the odd combination of empowerment and impermanence that lit the nights of carousal and darkened the mornings of takeoff. After a certain point in training, every landing was dangerous, performed tail first even on land to acquire the skills for grabbing at a pitching carrier deck—skills Bush used when he had to land tail first in the ocean to give his crew time to scramble out on the wing when a faulty oil line downed his plane right after takeoff.

Bush loves Hynes' book, and sent him fan letters, though they have never met, saying the only difference between his war (Navy Air Corps) and Hynes'

(Marine Air Corps) was clean linen. Navy carriers have decorum as well as dangers. But onshore, Bush lived in the world vividly described by Hynes as full of booze, womanizing and raunchy songs. Bush, describing the book to me, singled out this aspect of it as extraordinarily accurate—"the experience in the bars, and the experience in the singing, and the experience of his [Hynes'] macho guy." But I relayed Hynes' difficulty in imagining George Bush singing round after round of *The Flying Great Wheel*. Bush is amazed that this image should amaze people: "I do sing it—I did sing it. And how I correct popular misperceptions I don't know, and I really don't think I've got time to try. But, you know, ask the guys I was with in the Navy. That's the way to do that. Go to the oil fields and talk to them. Don't believe the inside-the-sophisticated-boardroom perception of somebody fitting into a mold." It is hard to fit George Bush into a mold. The riddle is not merely that he is both unnecessarily nice and improbably tough, but that he can rise to genuine nobility of performance and sink to casual ruthlessness.

His parents, Phillips Andover Academy and the war—the three being much the same thing for him—made George Bush what he is. His family was made up of fiercely competitive athletes. Golfing's Walker Cup is named—like George Herbert Walker Bush himself—for the polo-playing grandfather who established that event. George's mother, still alive and energetic (like her four siblings), was a championship tennis player and determined swimmer. His father, Senator Prescott Bush, silent at the family table, was already thinking ahead to the golf course he attended with the same dutifulness he brought to Greenwich, Conn., town meetings. Hart Leavitt, a retired master who taught George and his older brother Prescott at Andover, says he found Senator Bush, a Wall Street banker, too imposing to address with ease. The Bush children were even more intimidated. I asked Bush if he found it hard to differ from his father. "It never occurred to me to differ. I mean, he was up here [lifts right hand as far as he can], and I was this little guy down here." Frank DiClemente, a coach

and friend to both "Pressy" and "Poppy" (as George was known then), wanted to exchange anecdotes with the father about Pressy's sports adventures, but "all he wanted to know was, is he toeing the mark?" The most revealing thing George has ever said about his father occurs in the letter he wrote to Hynes, where he compares his own father with Hynes' for being unable to express love. Bush, 6 ft. 2 in., would never consider his own feats the equal of his father's—who was 6 ft. 4 in., of commanding presence and with a record in wartime, at Yale, and in Washington that seemed to transcend criticism. The utter probity of his father is so obvious to Bush that even when the older man went into partisan politics, it was—according to his son—for nonpartisan reasons. He ran as a Republican, during a time of Democratic dominance, to keep the two-party system alive.

Andover stood grimly in loco parentis during Bush's time there. In fact, it was even less yielding than his parents in insistence upon duty. Founded on Andover Hill during the American Revolution, the Phillips Academy had its seal designed by Paul Revere. Its self-importance comes across nicely in an editorial written during Bush's senior year (1942), when the country was at war. "President Roosevelt's speech to the nation last night was not, by any means, directed solely at Ando-



DIRTYING HANDS AT CAMP IN 1939

Summer jobs of manual work were considered a cure for effeteness.



THE REPUBLICANS



ver, but it cannot be denied that many of the things that he said are of utmost importance here on the hill." The key word is "solely." The school, like many Eastern preparatory establishments, lived on the cult of its martyrs from World War I. Memorial Tower, dedicated to those fallen aristocrats, dominates the campus.

SPORTS OVER STUDIES

Bush spent five years at Andover, since he lost part of his junior year to a bad flu epidemic. He reached his adult height early, which left him rather gawky when at rest. But he was a graceful first baseman, and he was the agile star center of the soccer team, a team with a proud history at the Phillips Academy. In a pompous book entirely devoted to sports there, it is noted, "Poppy Bush's play throughout the season ranked him as one of Andover's all-time soccer greats." In the 1942 class poll, he ranked among the top four students in six different categories: Best All-Round Fellow, Best Athlete, Most Respected, Most Popular, Handsomest, and Most Faculty Drag. (This last, in recognition of faculty popularity, because Bush was so gladly submissive to the ordeals of sarcasm that a student with poor grades was expected to put up with.)

Bush was one of the student deacons for the Sunday chapel services. More important, he was the president of the "S. of I." (the Society of Inquiry), the most serious religious body on campus, one that dated from abolitionist days and has merged with the Y.M.C.A. in more recent times. During Bush's tenure, the group sent money to a Christian medical mission in Labrador. So there may be a theological basis for Bush's later assertion that his thoughts turned, after being shot down in war, to "Mother and Dad and the strength I got from them—and God and faith and the separation of church and state." S. of I. theology leaned heavily toward the providential nature of institutions, not least that of Phillips Andover.

George Bush was not nearly as successful in studies as in sports. When I asked him what books had shaped his life, he answered Hynes' *Flights of Passage*—a rather late entry. Asked for earlier influences, he said, "Well, we had a lot of

obligatory reading when I was young—*Moby Dick*, *Catcher in the Rye*, *Gentleman's Agreement*. They shaped my [life], in various ways. How? I had to go back and give a book review on each of those when I was 17." Actually, two of those three books were written after he was 17, but the reviews he remembers were written for Hart Leavitt, who taught English composition. The grade Bush earned was 67 (60 was flunking). "He showed no imagination or originality," Leavitt remembers, though praising his manners and pleasantness.

CATCHING THE WESTERN ITCH

Bush, always on the go, was not remembered for much "dicking," the Andover term for those bull sessions that teenagers

ed this desultory search for remembered book titles by confessing, "But I can't—Garry, I don't read that much."

The most famous master of Bush's time, Arthur ("Doc") Darling, liked to say that fear was the basis of education, and he took pride in the number of students he flunked, as well as in the school's high rate of expulsions. The code of the school was that self-importance as a group depended on constant self-abasement of the individuals within the group. The privileged class, fearing its children will turn out spoiled, inflict such schools on them as effete cures. Surrogate parents are hired who will be less subject to favoritism in making their children "toe the mark." Further to enforce this general lesson, rich kids are often condemned to summer jobs of grueling if brief exposure to manual work. Bush's ordeal was work at a

farm camp run by Coach DiClemente, who still marvels at the way Bush pitched into the most sordid aspects of his assignment—like shoveling horse manure out of the barn, a task that may have prepared him better than he knew for later assignments.

From glory in war to glory at Yale was another easy step for Bush. He attended the school when God and Man (but not Woman) were regnant in the eyes of everyone but Bush's overlapping Bulldog, William Buckley. Like other veterans, they had undergraduating to catch up on. They were grown men for whom even the silly games of Skull and Bones were serious; in the club's sanctum in a windowless building on High Street, Bush went through the rituals of revealing the intimate secrets of his life and sexual history in a series of secret-society-style encounters known as LH (life history) and CB (connubial bliss).

After graduating from Yale, Bush succumbed to an itch of the Eastern privileged that Nelson Aldrich has recently described in his book *Old Money*—the Teddy Roosevelt yearning to go West and do something physical. Bush presented the matter to himself less as an opportunity than an ordeal—he thought first of farming, and only then of physical work in oil fields. It was a way of continuing the effete cure on a grander scale; the ironic truth in Bush's case is that the cure would just confirm, in some people's eyes, the ailment. Luckily, Bush had enough mon-



MARRYING HIS SWEETHEART WHILE ON LEAVE IN 1945

He had four planes go down under him, each with Barbara on its fuselage.

engage in when they begin to discover ideas. He remembers even fewer books from Yale than from Andover. When I talked to him about current books, he said, "I said, 'Barbara, now I'm going out with Jimmy Baker to the wilderness [their fishing trip during the Democratic convention], and she said, 'You ought to do something. Don't take any papers—you ought to read.' And I said [shrugging], 'Read? Oh, what am I gonna read?' And so she gave me Tom Wolfe's book, which I [shudder]—too FAT! And I absolutely loved it. I'm almost at the end. I'm on page 500 and something; it is extraordinary." Perhaps it is best that Bush end-



THE REPUBLICANS



ey to indulge his urge, under the pretext that it was done in order to make money. How little that motive was actually at work appears from the easy way he gave up the enterprise when it promised to bring in serious returns. In his autobiography, which plays down Andover and the East, the move to Texas is described in terms of the physical work he undertook when the natives were too shrewd to get caught doing it.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER JOB

Like many outsiders after the war, he went first to Odessa and then to Midland, in the raw western part of Texas where the Permian oil pool was being divided up by eager investors. So many Ivy Leaguers were moving onto the dusty fields that new streets were being laid out with names like Princeton Avenue. Bush brought his air of civic duty to places that did not have exactly the ethos of Greenwich town meetings. He was clearly interested in politics from the outset, and Playwright Larry L. King, then working for the local Congressman J.T. Rutherford, kept an eye on Bush as a Republican threat. "You know, just to load up and be ready." That Bush would consider running from Midland, soon to become a center of John Birch activism, might seem strange, given his father's patrician Republican background, but Bush, who never convincingly took on Texas mannerisms, accepted the values of Midland County as unquestioningly as he had those of Andover. When he had acquired the minimum fortune for a Texas businessman (under a million) and moved to Houston, he ran for the Senate in Barry Goldwater's year, 1964, berating the villains of Midland and Odessa, as well as of Houston—Walter Reuther, the U.N. and Martin Luther King.

This was a period when Eastern Establishment Republicans were figures of hate and ridicule to "real" Republicans who backed Goldwater, the year Charles Percy and George Romney were lumped with Nelson Rockefeller as traitors to the party. Yet here, in Houston, was a Republican looking more like a Saltonstall than a Lyndon Johnson, but who was as hard as Barry against the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Once again, Bush was extending the spirit of the tough summer job. Rich kids are supposed to go out and join the workers in the field, but they are also supposed to come home by Labor Day. Bush was staying on, going native.



THE FAMILY MAN IN TEXAS, 1957

Bush accepted the values of Midland County as unquestioningly as he had those of Andover.

In undertaking this unrequited love affair with Texas, Bush tried too hard, too embarrassingly, to be what he was not, and found it impossible to maintain his own dignity or gain his neighbors' respect. He was putting himself in line for a long series of humiliations. His yearning to be a Texan has a kind of noble mystery to it and such a pathetic persistence that Texans like Journalist Molly Ivins turn him down wistfully, wishing they did not have to. "I think created Texans are just as good as Texas Texans," she says. "Most of those who died at the Alamo had come from somewhere else. But Bush has to know that there are three things a Texan does not do. We do not use 'summer' as a verb. We do not wear blue ties with little green whales on them. And we do not call trouble 'doo-doo.' We're not setting the standards high. But there they are."

Why did Bush choose a cultural displacement he could never make convincing? Abasement training at Andover cannot have gone that deep. He spoke of

forming a vital Republican Party in the Democratic state of Texas, as if he were his father disinterestedly keeping the two-party system alive. But Prescott Bush brought high standards to the Senate—opposing Joseph McCarthy, championing civil rights bills—and later criticized the war in Viet Nam. George Bush entered public life opposing the 1964 Civil Rights Act. He went native without much principle, perhaps because he had not given it much thought. Belonging mattered more than weighing the issues at stake. He was not going to "dick" much about ideas. There were games to be won (he tried to set up a soccer league in Texas) and clubs to be organized. Few suspect George Bush of meanness. The fault must have been intellectual. At any rate, something fatal was lost and would never be retrieved when Prescott Bush's son ran a Barry Goldwater race in 1964. He admitted to an Episcopal priest that he had gone too far to the right in his urge to win.

No man had a better eye for the usable Eastern Establishment Republican than Richard Nixon. He loved to manipulate those he suspected of despising him. He took early notice of George Bush's organizational work in the 1950s, encouraged his Goldwater phase and campaigned for him in 1964. Bush in his early oil travels lived briefly in Nixon's hometown of Whittier, Calif. But the tie with Nixon was deeper than that. The ex-

Vice President of the early 1960s, while cultivating Goldwaters, was also acquiring a covey of "walking gentlemen" to escort him back onto the public scene— young talents like Robert Finch and William Ruckelshaus. Bush was one of this circle—and one who would fall for Nixon's own locker-room bravado as a political style. It did not work well for Nixon, but he managed to persuade some people, including Bush, that they could do it better (Bush actually does it worse).

When Bush reached Congress two years later, he showed signs of reverting to type. He was concerned about family planning. In 1968, after trying to amend the civil rights bill on open housing, he voted for it, much to the disgust of his constituents. But Nixon won the nomination later that year and reasserted his mastery over Bush, holding out for a while a hope of the vice presidency (the first of Bush's lunges at an office others try to evade). When Prescott Bush advised his son against running for the Senate in 1970, Nixon urged him on, financ-



THE REPUBLICANS



ing his race with an illegal campaign fund and promising him a Government job if he lost.

The job Bush asked for and got was to go to the U.N., where he was to represent Taiwan's hapless effort to remain a member while Kissinger and Nixon were making that impossible by their secret dealings with the People's Republic of China. Bush was not informed of their policy, which made his impassioned U.N. speeches part of a charade. I asked if he felt betrayed. "No, I didn't feel betrayed. I would like to have known what was going on ... but not betrayed—that's too strong a word."

After his Senate loss to Lloyd Bentsen in 1970, Bush saw all the upward paths to elective office blocked in Texas, and decided to risk his future with Nixon and diplomacy. Secret notes in the Nixon archives show that Bush admitted, after serving in the U.N., that he could hardly go back and run for office in the state where he had begun his career by denouncing the U.N. Less clear was that taking favors from Richard Nixon was a way of getting in line for trouble. Barbara Bush seems to have sensed this when she warned her husband not to let Nixon saddle him with the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. This was during the shake-up following Nixon's re-election in 1972, when Watergate was a faint underground rumble. Nixon, in the flush of victory, was going to do wonders, mainly by firing or demoting almost everyone in sight—but not George Bush. "He'd do anything for the cause," Nixon privately told John Ehrlichman. The qualification for service in the second term was spelled out with ruthless clarity: "Not brains, loyalty."

NICE MAN, NASTY SITUATIONS

Bush went to meet the President with a request for a preferred office—Deputy Secretary of State. He suggested himself as one who "can tiptoe between Henry Kissinger and William Rogers." But Nixon wanted to keep that role to himself. He tested Bush by asking for the names of loyalists and disloyalists in the U.N. and related agencies. Bush, according to notes that Journalist Nicholas Lemann has unearthed from the Nixon archives, complied. Then Nixon gave Bush the job he least desired, the one Barbara had warned him against, sweetening his offer with the

promise of a Cabinet post after the 1974 elections. Bush told his disappointed wife, "Boy, you just can't turn down a President." The notes tell a grimmer story. He left the sessions with Nixon, saying, "Let me think about it. I'll do what you tell me. Not all that enthralled with R.N.C. but I'll do it."

What he was taking on, without realizing it, was defense of the party during the worst days of Watergate. Bush was the ultimate loyalist, out around the country raising morale, defending the President, blaming everything on Democrats and

to send into the nastiest situations, and the CIA, after the Church committee's investigation, was as battered and demoralized an area as the R.N.C. had recently been. Bush, kept in the dark in earlier jobs, was sent to be the restorer of light and order at the CIA, which he largely became. Heavy firings under James Schlesinger and candid revelations to Congress under William Colby had made the agency defensive, and Bush has always been a good restorer of team morale. He spoke more often to Congress and said less than his immediate predecessors. He hired

from within the agency and assuaged the fears professional intelligence men have of career politicians. His one offense to the honor of the agency was opening its files extensively to critics outside the Government, and that was done in response to President Ford's effort to placate the growing revolt of right-wingers. They believed the CIA estimates of Soviet strength were understated. Bush appointed a committee of outsiders ("Team B") to use the same evidence CIA professionals had at their disposal and come up with their own estimate of Soviet strength. Four of the nine members of Team B, including its chairman Richard Pipes, would become members of the Committee on the Present Danger, a hard-line anti-detente group. Everyone knew the board was stacked—Ray Cline, a CIA loyalist, called it a kangaroo court. But its alarmist estimates helped set the stage for the vast defense expenditures that began under Carter and peaked during the buying

frenzy at the Reagan Pentagon.

Bush does not even mention Team B in his autobiography. I asked why. "I didn't think of it. Glad to talk about it. I think it was a very worthwhile exercise. Many people misunderstand what the exercise was. It was about challenging the objectivity of the Government—how objective is it, or how subjective is it. Get two teams—one of internal people, one of external people—give each the same information, and do they reach the same conclusion? No. That's why I answer my question as I did—how do you measure intentions? It is very difficult, different, when you are dealing solely with numbers. And it was a very good, sensible exercise, of which I am proud." But wasn't this a group whose views were predictable? "Sure. But I proved a point there. I proved that the objectivity of intelligence



CONFERRING WITH AIDES AT THE U.N. IN 1972

**He can rise to genuine nobility
of performance and sink to
casual ruthlessness.**

the press. He assured all doubters that the President had told him there was no cover-up. I asked him if he felt betrayed when he found out that was not true: "I felt thoroughly disillusioned, to have been told that there was nothing to this, there were no more, you know, smoking guns or whatever these horrible things were. And, uh, I felt very much—betrayal is a word I don't particularly use, but this wasn't right, and I've so stated many times."

As a reward for his service under fire, Bush hoped that President Ford would give him the job dangled as part of Nixon's original wooing process, the vice presidency. But that went to Nelson Rockefeller, and Bush—ironically, given his denunciation of the People's Republic when he was at the U.N.—became America's envoy to China.

By now Bush was a one-man cleanup squad for the Republicans, the nicest man



THE REPUBLICANS



should be challenged. It had nothing to do with whether we were going to change direction." To everyone but Bush, changing direction was the point of the exercise.

At the CIA, with its Skull and Bones tradition of gentlemanly skulduggery, of men who observe a code but are not above grabbing a few crotches if people get in the way, Bush seemed back in his original element, where people play hard and rough but keep to certain rules among themselves. It is interesting that most Watergate and Church committee revelations seemed to bother Bush less than the idea of taping a fellow gentleman's conversation. "I mean that's against my moral grain, to be taping somebody. I can remember standing down here in this building [the White House] when I heard about the White House tapes, and felt—betrayed means that somebody owes me something and thus—and I think it's broader than that." CIA covert actions do not arouse the same misgivings in this occasionally, dutifully ruthless man.

By 1980 Bush was ready to make a desperate try for the White House. He had primarily an appointive résumé to run on, but it was an equivocal recommendation. He seemed less the fellow who had held all these jobs than the man who would consent to do them. Once a walking gentleman has cast his lot with Richard Nixon over the years, even Andover straightforwardness can begin to look like invincible patsydom. It was in the 1980 campaign that Bush's later manner was established in people's minds—that mish-mash of cultures partly assimilated, that belongingness more yearned for than achieved, that having had too little effect in too many places—so that different styles stumble over one another and interrupt his words when he tries to speak. He had developed a highly idiosyncratic style, surpassed only by Al Haig's. He was now the man who could say at Auschwitz, "Boy, they were big on crematoriums, weren't they?"

But other traits, more admirable, showed up in 1980 as well—persistence, competitiveness, an unwillingness to quit. William Sloane Coffin, once Yale's chaplain, was an Andover classmate of Bush's and fellow Bones member at Yale, though they took separate paths afterward. (Coffin is now the head of SANE/FREEZE, an antinuclear organization.) When Bush visited Yale during Coffin's chaplainship, he sent word he would like

to play some squash with his old classmate. "Bring him on," Coffin crowed. They played a few games, Coffin winning and Bush getting more determined to win. Coffin was ready to call it a day, but Bush kept asking for one more game. Recalls Coffin: "Word got around the gym that Left and Right were meeting on the center court, and we had quite an audience by the end, but George wouldn't give up." Jim Baker found he had the same problem getting Bush to give up in 1980, to withdraw from the presidential race in time to position himself as a vice-presidential candidate. Bush does not yield easily, something he proved in his scrappy comeback

office had with right-wingers concerned about Nicaragua's "freedom fighters."

Although he met with *Contra* Supplier Felix Rodriguez, and his own security adviser Donald Gregg knew details of the *contra* supply operation by August 1986 that he did not consider "vice-presidential," Bush denies all knowledge of that activity. I asked him if he felt betrayed, as many Americans did, that U.S. arms were sold to the Ayatollah. "I don't think you ought to use the word betrayed, but that shouldn't have happened—not the selling of the arms, but the divergence of funds to some of the *contras*." Describing his own discovery that funds had been diverted, Bush said, "The minute I heard that, I— Whoops! Strong!"

The Vice President has avoided lengthy questioning over his relations with the *contras*. He has made public his agreement with the President that arms should have been sold to Iranian moderates, though he had some problems with the participation of a foreign government in a covert operation and with the chances of the cover being blown. For the rest, he is the terrorism and crisis-control specialist who knew little about what was going on among White House friends and staff members. It would have taken "clairvoyant hindsight," he claims, for him to have stopped the *contra* diversion.

When I asked Barbara Bush how the vice presidency had changed her husband, she said it had mellowed him. He takes things less personally. Yet there now seems something violated beneath his affability. He has been so many things to so many people, he embodies so many cultural divisions, that his crooked smile, though still winning, seems to fork across his face like a jagged crevice or fault line. He boasts of having lived in seven states and calls himself a Texan, though most people think of him as Eastern.

Bush assured me he was more at peace with himself and with his critics—before bringing up his critics and angrily dismissing them. He is used to being liked, and with good reason. What, after all, is wrong with a man who has done community service from the time he organized for the missions as president of S. of I.? What is there to criticize in the model family man and loyal servant to his party, the devoted friend to many estimable people, the inheritor of a popular President's completed second term? It is hard to dislike George Bush, no matter what others were doing around him. Perhaps the worst charge that can be brought against him is what they call, at Chaffey High, enabling behavior. ■



PASSING THROUGH CHINA AS U.S. ENVOY, 1975

Belonging mattered more than weighing the issues at stake.

after finishing behind both Robert Dole and Pat Robertson in this year's Iowa caucuses.

THE CONSUMMATE VICE PRESIDENT

In the Vice President's office, Bush's basic decency resurfaced. He brought dignity to the ceremonial parts of the office and handled himself with great composure during the assassination attempt on Reagan. When Ray Cline and others tried to advise him on assembling a staff of his own, Bush rightly said policy should be made in other offices; he was to be the President's confidant, not his competitor. But he did cultivate good relations with right-wing groups, which considered him suspect for his opposition to Reagan in the 1980 primaries. Thus when Bush spoke to the *contra* contributors cultivated by Carl ("Spitz") Channell, Channell planned to tap the same people for donations to Bush's future campaign needs. This was just one of many ties Bush's



The Man Behind the Message

If anyone can build a better candidate, it is Roger Ailes



Primary night, California. June 7, 1988. George Bush eases into a hotel armchair for an interview with Tom Brokaw. Suddenly a burly, bearded figure bounds across the room and, without a word, yanks an errant hair from the vice-presidential eyebrow. "That hurt," winces Bush as a grinning Roger Ailes leaves the room, satisfied that he has put his finishing touch on the scene.

From early 1986, when George Bush set out on his long trek toward the Oval Office, Roger Ailes has been struggling to make more than just cosmetic changes in the Vice President. Ailes, 48, is the legendary dark prince of political advertising, the Republican consultant who helped engineer Richard Nixon's resurrection in 1968 and who scripted Ronald Reagan's second-debate comeback against Walter Mondale in 1984. This time Ailes has been the unseen hand behind Bush's best moments: the "Pierre" put-down of former Delaware Governor Pete du Pont in a debate last October, the hard-hitting anti-Dole advertising in February's New Hampshire primary, and the on-air pummeling of CBS's Dan Rather last January.

But the fall campaign presents Ailes

with his most formidable challenge. The Vice President has been trailing Michael Dukakis by double digits in polls, and his negative ratings with voters have approached Jesse Jackson's. Moreover, Bush fights some of Ailes' attempts to improve his public presence. Ailes wants Bush to rehearse more and stick to his carefully prepared texts; Bush waves away much of this as inconsequential. Even when Bush does follow the Ailes regimen, he often seems to be his own worst enemy. He frequently comes across as a good-natured Mr. Maladroit, garbling his syntax, muddling his ideas and tripping over his applause lines.

Ailes' involvement has been crucial to Bush's candidacy. When Bush arrived in New Hampshire reeling from a third-place finish in the Iowa caucuses, Ailes labored all night over the television ad that quashed Robert Dole's insurgent campaign. Known as the "Senator Straddle" commercial, the blunt spot asserted that Dole had waffled on tax hikes, oil-import fees and arms control.

Ailes also prepped Bush for the Show-down at Black Rock. Foreseeing that the CBS Evening News interview would be an ambush, Ailes prepped Bush with a riposte to an aggressive Dan Rather: "It's

not fair to judge my whole career by a rehash on Iran. How would you like it if I judged your career by those seven minutes when you walked off the set in New York?" The tactic illustrates an Ailes axiom: when attacked, hit back so hard your opponent rues the day he got nasty.

Ailes comes across as the Ernest Hemingway of consultants. Swaggering and corpulent (5 ft. 10 in. and 243 lbs.), with a white goatee, he plays the woolly renegade to what he calls "the coat-and-tie boys" who surround Bush. He is gargantuan in his appetites—for food, amusement, combat and attention. In a fight with two leather-jacket types in a Houston hotel lobby in 1984, he broke one man's wrist and tossed the other man into the lobby fountain. Just last week, annoyed that no one had repaired a bowed table in Bush campaign offices, Ailes walked into a roomful of aides, grabbed the conference table and flipped it over. He nurtures his pugnacious image as carefully. "If people know you'll go to any lengths for your client, they're less likely to play games with you," he says.

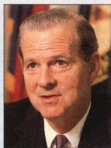
The son of a foreman at the Packard Electric plant in Warren, Ohio, Ailes began his career as a gofer on a Cleveland TV station that had started a talk pro-

Bush's Brain Trust

JAMES A. BAKER III

With Baker's resignation as Treasury Secretary on Aug. 5, George Bush finally has a peer in charge of his election effort. Baker can quell the jostling that left one communications director out of a job, several other aides squabbling, and Bush trailing in the polls. Baker's arrival as campaign chairman means that Campaign Manager Lee Atwater moves over, if not down. Richard Darman, Baker's trusted adviser at the White House and Treasury, gains even more influence. Pollster Robert Teeter stays put, as does Chief of Staff Craig Fuller.

Baker, whose competence and political judgment are nearly flawless, is one Reagan appointee to emerge with his reputation intact, if not enhanced. He might have been touted as a presidential candidate himself if he had not been so close to the Vice President. Bush is the friend Baker turned to after his first wife died, the one he goes fishing with, the godfather to one of his children. Baker, 58, managed Bush's 1980 presidential campaign; he is the person most involved in Bush's vice-presidential choice.



LEE ATWATER

He likes to brag that he was the only white guy in Percy Sledge's backup band, but this nonpreppie protégé of South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond devised the strategy that knocked out Bush's opposition by Super Tuesday. Atwater, 37, is the type of tactical genius who can live without a friend but not without an enemy, and he is often blamed as the source when negative information about the opposition comes out. In a 1980 congressional campaign, Atwater planted the story that the Democratic candidate had been treated for depression. His candidate won.



CRAIG FULLER

An intern to Governor Ronald Reagan as a college sophomore, Fuller was brought to the White House in 1981 by Edwin Meese. For the past four years, Fuller, 37, has been running the West Wing for Bush as his chief of staff. He knows, or does not know, as much about trading arms for hostages as the Vice President. As cautious and bland as Atwater is aggressive and colorful, Fuller will make Air Force Two run on time and handle the minute-to-minute airborne decisions. Allied with Teeter, Fuller last May coolly forced out Communications Director and longtime Bush Associate Peter Teeley.





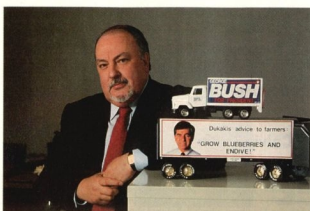
THE REPUBLICANS



gram, *The Mike Douglas Show*. Five years later, at 26, he was the executive producer. In 1967 Presidential Candidate Richard Nixon appeared on the show, remarking to Ailes, "It's a shame a man has to use gimmicks like this to get elected." Ailes shot back, "Television is not a gimmick, and if you think it is, you'll lose again." The candidate warmed to Ailes, and Ailes warmed up the candidate. As a Nixon media adviser, Ailes created the carefully orchestrated "man in the arena" TV appearances, in which a relaxed Nixon took questions from a citizens' panel before a well-coached studio audience.

Ailes has overlapping but distinct roles in the Bush campaign. He is responsible for paid television advertising, and will have at least \$40 million to spend. He is Bush's personal performance coach, advising him on everything from what shirts to wear to how to slow down his distractingly rapid eye movements. Finally, Ailes is in charge of debate preparation.

Ailes works best when he is on the offensive. "He has two speeds," says Bush Campaign Manager Lee Atwater. "Attack and destroy." "It's going to be a rough-and-tumble campaign," Ailes says gleefully. Then, referring to the murderer who was furloughed by the Dukakis ad-



THE DARK PRINCE OF NEGATIVE ADVERTISING
Faltstaffian in his appetites—for food, combat and attention.

ministration and later arrested for a rape and a stabbing, Ailes says, "The only question is whether we depict Willie Horton with a knife in his hand or without it."

Although Ailes may be adept at going for the jugular, he is also taking aim at the heart. He is planning a series of ads depicting Bush as a gentle grandfather and a no-frills businessman, attempting to move Bush away from his image as a white-shoe elitist. Unlike some media consultants, Ailes has no signature TV style. "Some people have a formula," says Democratic Consultant Robert Squier. "Ailes produces a spot to fit the situation."

Yet Bush's live performances cannot be doctored. The candidate's recent for-

sign policy address in Chicago was well written and thoughtful. But he bollixed his best lines, and the cameras dwelt on snoozing audience members. Bush seems to suffer from a kind of oral dyslexia. One example from Kennebunkport, Me., last week: "We can't entrust the peace and national security of the United States to someone as unexperienced as the Governor of Massachusetts."

Bush's problem goes deeper than diction. Privately, some aides are worried that he lacks the single-minded obsessiveness that seems necessary to win the presidency. They fear that Bush is perhaps too nice or a

bit lazy. "I know there are limits to what a coach can accomplish in improving speechmaking," says Ailes frankly, "unless the subject is a diligent student of himself. Dukakis is totally self-absorbed in that regard. He's spent hours reinventing himself in front of a television camera. Bush says, 'That's all bull. I am what I am.' He's not a narcissistic person, and he refuses to become one."

In contrast to Marshall McLuhan, who maintained that "the medium is the message," Ailes' credo is, "You are the message." George Bush is living proof of that dictum, and that is Roger Ailes' greatest challenge.

—By Richard Stengel.
Reported by David Beckwith/Washington

ROBERT TEETER

Bush's chief pollster, veteran of six presidential campaigns, he helped bring Gerald Ford from 30 points behind in 1976 to within a couple of points of Jimmy Carter. Low-key and relatively untouched by Potomac fever, he has never moved from Ann Arbor, Mich., to Washington. Teeter's influence on strategy may wane as the aggressive Darman moves in on issues and as Roger Ailes mushrooms all over the place. Still, Bush entrusted Teeter, 49, with paring down the list of vice-presidential possibilities and screening the survivors. Teeter also supervised Bush's acceptance speech.



RICHARD DARMAN

Without even leaving Shearson Lehman for the seedy McPherson Square campaign headquarters, the abrasive, brainy Darman, 45, will play a key role in the campaign. Already Baker consults with his former aide on every major decision; he has been included in closed-door strategy sessions for two months. The nondiscriminatory Darman rose from minor White House paper shuffler to assistant to the President and then No. 2 at Treasury despite his association with known liberals like Boston Brahmin Elliot Richardson (both resigned during Richard Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre).



FRED MALEK

When his duties as convention manager end, Malek, 50, will take over party fund raising, advertising and get-out-the-vote operations as deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee (pushing Chairman Frankahrenkopf upstairs). It will be a political rehabilitation of sorts. Malek, who worked for H.R. Haldeman, was censured by the Senate Watergate Committee for using federal resources to get Nixon re-elected and for ordering the FBI to conduct an investigation of former CBS Correspondent and Nixon Critic Daniel Schorr.



SHEILA TATE

Handling press for Bush must seem like a piece of cake to Nancy Reagan's former press secretary. Tate had to cope with such public relations nightmares as the "tiny little gun" the First Lady kept in her nightstand, the lavish redecoration of the White House and the \$209,508 bill for new china. She performed an image transplant by getting the designer-obsessed First Lady to sing *Second Hand Rose* at the 1982 Gridiron dinner and to embark on her "Just Say No" antidrug campaign. Tate, 46, is the first woman to pierce Bush's all-male inner circle.





The Town That Practices Parading

In New Orleans the good times roll even as the packaging gets slicker and the foreignness fades

By Calvin Trillin



It's been customary to write about New Orleans as a foreign city. The tropics are often mentioned, particularly if the writer has had the bad luck to arrive in August: steamy, sensuous, tempting, vaguely dangerous. Some have dwelt on New Orleans' French origins, some on its Latin flair for celebration. It has been described as Mediterranean and Levantine. In 1960, when I first started writing about New Orleans, I told a man I knew there—a wise man, who had spent his whole life in New Orleans, taking in the show—that some of the goings-on connected with the desegregation of the schools struck me as, to put it politely, bizarre. "What you have to remember to keep it all in perspective," he said, "is that this is not the southern United States. This is northern Costa Rica."

There are, of course, enclaves in a lot of American cities that feel foreign because one group or another clings to a way of life that originated in some other country. In New Orleans the mainstream can have foreign ways. No one who ever took a close look at Mardi Gras could come away with the impression that it's merely a straightforward American spectacle in the tradition of, say, the Indianapolis 500 or the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. In 1964 I was in New Orleans to do a piece on the Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club, a black burial society whose members traditionally paraded on Mardi Gras in blackface, wearing grass skirts and tossing coconuts to the crowd. A week before Mardi Gras, I watched cheerfully drunk white longshoremen boogie down the street for hours in women's clothing behind a black jazz band, in what they called a practice parade of their Carnival marching society—as if any of that took any practice. I talked to light-completed, Catholic, French-named blacks who said that the Zulu Parade was what you might expect of the darker, Protestant blacks they still occasionally referred to then as "American Negroes." I interviewed prominent business leaders whose Carnival "krewes"—the organizations whose

floats parade through the streets during the Carnival season on the way to elaborate balls—were at the center of their lives. If lengthy and solemn discussions about which debutante should be queen of Rex or Comus are carried out every year by the business leaders of a city—not the wives of the business leaders, the business leaders—could it be an American city?

New Orleans has traditionally nurtured some distinctly non-American attributes, like indolence. There have always been a good number of people who are not eager to get ahead. Even its businessmen have had a reputation for being only mildly industrious and distinctly non-entrepreneurial. New Orleans has been known as a place content to make do with its natural endowments—a great port on the Mississippi River, and a share of the state oil money, and a reputation for wickedness and charm that drew a steady stream of tourists for decades. For most of this century, New Orleans hasn't done much more than make do. It has never made a fetish out of equipping schools or paving streets. It has always had a lot of poor people; its rich people have never been seriously rich.

New Orleans has also had a pervasive cynicism of the sort that is not identified with America. Corruption may not be any more prevalent there than in any number of other rotten boroughs around the country, for instance—even though there are people who believe that the line at Galatoire's Restaurant, which does not take reservations from anyone, is the only aboveboard operation in all of southern Louisiana—but the New Orleans assumption of a corrupt motive in any act can make Americans feel naive. In 1975 I asked a French Quarter character I knew what effect the Superdome would have on the city, and he said that once the land deal was done and the insurance written, "the rest is commentary."

It's possible to argue that New Orleans never completely accepted American middle-class values because it never had much of a middle class—at least not until the expansion of the oil-company regional offices attracted hordes of white collars in the early '70s. It's possible to argue that the Protestant work ethic never caught on in New Orleans because it isn't Protestant. But it's dangerous to assume that the character of New Orleans is derived from the origins of



its inhabitants. The New Orleans Mardi Gras was started by Protestant businessmen. The traditional New Orleans neighborhood guy, sometimes known as a yard character who greets people with "Where y'at?"—is likely to be of the same Irish or German descent as the Brooklyn dockworker he sometimes sounds like. The person I have known who most naturally fit into the pace of New Orleans—a person whose normal and astonishingly effective way of keeping appointments was to show up around the French Quarter, assuming he ran into the appropriate person by a fluke—was born and raised in Pottsville, Pa.

For whatever reason, New Orleans people tend to be more tolerant than most Americans—particularly most Southerners—when it comes to sins of the flesh. They not only eat different food but also give food and drink a priority unknown in the rest of the country. Years ago, the man who told me about northern Costa Rica responded to me that New Orleans had landed some manufacturing operation—news that would have had them dancing in the streets in Atlanta—by expressing concern that the influx of executives could mar-

Calvin Trillin began his career in 1960 as a TIME correspondent. He has written twelve books, including If You Can't Say Something Nice, Killings and Alice, Let's Eat.



THE REPUBLICANS



CITY OF INDOLENCE

From the French Quarter to the Superdome: elegance, slickness, the pursuit of wickedness and all that jazz

the line for lunch at Galatoire's longer. I have a nephew who recently moved to Atlanta after several years in New Orleans, and when I asked him the difference in the two cities, he said, "That's easy. When you play softball in a city park in Georgia, you're not allowed to drink beer. In New Orleans there are a lot of people who don't know you can play softball without drinking beer." Early on, New Orleans established an atmosphere of laissez-faire, and sometimes I think that by now there aren't enough Southern Baptists in the world to reverse that.

Sometimes, though, I'm not so sure. In the nearly 30 years I've been writing about New Orleans, part of what I've been writing about is the gradual fading of its foreignness. I suppose yats still hold practice parade the week before Mardi Gras, but in a lot of ways Mardi Gras has become a more American event. The number of people roaming the streets of the French Quarter on Mardi Gras day seems to have increased steadily and the percentage of them in costume seems to have decreased, as that part of the Carnival celebration has changed from a family costume party to another stop on the relentless tour of all-purpose American event-attenders. Mardi

Gras turned a corner in 1969 when the Krewe of Bacchus was formed by restaurant and hotel operators to stage a parade tailored specifically for tourists—a spectacle considerably more lavish than the parades of the old-line krewes. The king of the parade each year was not some anonymous banker, secure in the knowledge that anyone who counts knows who's behind the mask, but somebody like Jackie Gleason or Perry Como or Ed McMahon. Eventually, there was a second Bacchus-like krewe named Endymion. Its king last year was Spuds MacKenzie.

The absence of buildings in New Orleans done in the grand American scale was ordained partly by the sponginess of its ground. Anyone tempted to build a huge building had only to think of Charity Hospital, whose first floor had gradually become its basement. There is a theory that the person responsible for the greatest change in the city was the engineer who finally figured out how to build massive skyscrapers on river effluent. The result was a row of huge oil-company office buildings and, on the edge of the French Quarter, a gaggle of high-rise hotels—hotels large enough to hold the sort of national conventions that could make every night in the

French Quarter seem like the Saturday night of the Tulane-L.S.U. game. The French Quarter, particularly along its river edge, was slicked up for the increasing stream of visitors. As all of that began in the middle '70s, there was some grumbling about New Orleans turning into another Houston. My impression was not that New Orleans was becoming much more like Houston but that it was becoming more like Houston's idea of what New Orleans ought to be—a slicker, more conveniently packaged version of itself that some people called a "Creole Disneyland."

Something like that might have happened anyway, but it became inevitable when the world suddenly found itself with too much oil and even Houston wasn't like Houston any longer. The oil glut dealt New Orleans a mighty blow that went beyond the loss of oil-related jobs. After 50 years of depending on state oil revenues to help finance basic services, the city is so lacking in a normal tax base that a lot of New Orleans residents are shocked at the notion of paying any property tax. In the cushy days of OPEC prices, nobody seemed to notice that the port business was sagging. There were once something like 18,000 working longshoremen in New Orleans; there are now 7,000. New Orleans has virtually no manufacturing anymore, and it's short on the sort of assets that might attract any. A lot of people who could afford to leave town have left town. A lot of the working poor have been replaced by welfare poor. New Orleans has been poor before, of course, but this time there's an edge of desperation in the talk about the city's financial problems. I've heard New Orleans compared to the heir of a mildly dissolute family whose males have always got by on charm and a modest trust fund: the money has finally run out, and he can either get to work or head for the men's shelter. "It's still a lot of fun to live here," a friend who has lived in New Orleans all his life said recently. "It's just a shame we're in collective Chapter Eleven."

A long stretch of river, from a Rouse development on the site of the World's Fair to the refurbished Jax Brewery on the edge of the French Quarter, is now basically an upscale shopping mall of the sort that in other parts of the country has at times made me feel that I've been overexposed to exposed brick. In the way New Orleans views tourism, the spirit of Bacchus has emerged triumphant over the ways of the old-line krewes. There are now plans to fill one of the gaps on the river with an aquarium, partly because market research has shown that New Orleans is thought of as a party town but not as a place to bring the kids. The French Quarter has half as many permanent residents as it did ten years ago; New Orleans has three times as many tourists as it did ten years ago. In the '60s, there were about

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THE REPUBLICANS



7,000 hotel rooms; today there are 27,000.

Some of the preservationists find it ironic that they saved the riverfront from an expressway to turn it over to Benetton and chocolate-chip-cookie boutiques. Some people talk with dread about the city's becoming a display ("It's only a matter of time before they have us all down there parading around in period costumes"). But the grumbling is remarkably muted. Many people seem to have come to the conclusion that New Orleans has no choice but to go all out as a convention town. When I was in Atlanta recently, a friend of mine there, thinking of New

Orleans' traditional cynicism and Atlanta's traditional boosterism, said, "New Orleans sees having a national political convention as a chance to take some money off the rubes. Atlanta sees having a national political convention as An Opportunity." Not exactly. New Orleans sees it as a way to get more conventions.

It is said that the current crisis has changed the way New Orleans does things. It is said that the business leaders identified with the old-line Carnival krewes have lost much of their influence. The two businessmen most mentioned as leading efforts for tax reform

and systematic economic development, Patrick Taylor and Jim Bob Moffett, are both oilmen who grew up in Texas. Moffett talks a lot about the need for structuring. Unlike Gorbachev, he doesn't talk about restructuring—presumably on the assumption that New Orleans wasn't exactly structured in the first place. Some of New Orleans' natural endowment has been diminished, he says, but he remains optimistic: "We have to change our ways. The tooth fairy is dead. But New Orleans will pull through. Americans are at their best when their backs are to the wall. And we're Americans." ■

Beyond Gumbo and Beans

Political arguments will pale beside the more enduring debates over which is New Orleans' best restaurant. Following is one Northerner's personal order of preference:

1. Galatoire's. The only legendary restaurant in the French Quarter that lives up to its billing. (Arnaud's, Brennan's and Antoine's, with their dread, badly prepared food, need not apply, and Paul Prudhomme's newer legend, K-Paul's, is a hassle and uneven.) Galatoire's is a turn-of-the-century set piece with white woodwork, beveled mirrors and brass coat hooks. Waiters are crisply professional; they even chop ice from huge blocks so drinks stay cold and undiluted. The overwhelming attraction is the lush Creole seafood: shrimp remoulade with its brassy mustard and paprika-zapped sauce; plump oysters Rockefeller; trout meunière amandine, fragrant with hot brown butter and almond slices; and eggplant with a gentle, rich seafood stuffing. No reservations, ever, not even for a native or the nominee.

2. Mosca's. August is vacation month, so delegates will alas miss a sui generis Creole-Italian cuisine in a no-frills roadhouse about 30 minutes from the French Quarter. Classics include cracked crab marinated in Italian vegetable pickles; oysters baked with garlic, parsley and bread crumbs; barbecued shrimp heady with rosemary; hand-rolled spaghetti with butter, olive oil and garlic; and homemade fennel-sweet Italian sausage.

3. Commander's Palace. This temple of nouvelle Creole cookery in the graceful Garden District is best enjoyed in the leafy upstairs Garden Room rather than the drab downstairs. Don't miss oysters Trufant, poached and glossed with cream and caviar; crab-meat ravigote sparkling with a Creole mustard dressing and capers; velvety, thick turtle soup; filets of trout with crunchy pecans; roast quail with a crab-and-shrimp stuffing; and hot bread-pudding soufflé.

4. Isadora. This new sensation has opened opposite the Superdome just in time for the conven-

tion. Isadora, as in Duncan, is art deco inspired, with etched glass, white papier-mâché palm trees and piped-in swing music for dancing. Service is a bit rough around the edges, but the inventive Creole-Cajun dishes are generally successful. Among the best: sautéed sweetbreads with poached quail eggs, crayfish ravioli with scallops and tarragon sauce, and a basil-scented red snapper and crab meat with lemon-Cognac sauce that is this city's only good papillote creation.

5. Henri. In the Meridien Hotel, this is the bosky, intimate setting for excellent renditions of the Alsatian-accented food of its consulting chef, Marc Haeblerlin, from France's three-star Auberge de l'Île. The best dishes have Alsatian or classic French overtones: a salad of warm duckling with cabbage and foie-gras-glossed ravioli, tournedos with shallots in red-wine sauce, and braised venison with noodles.

6. Bozo's. In the glaring sprawl of suburban Metairie, this is the place to hunker down over the area's best boiled and fried oysters, shrimp and crayfish. Gumbo with chicken and smoky andouille sausage is properly peppery and thickened with a sprinkling of file.

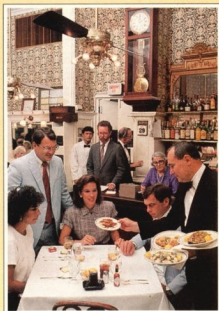
7. Gautreau's. One of the new restaurants in the Uptown residential area, this is an urbane café with oxblood walls and white embossed-tin ceiling. Best dishes: batter-fried eggplant filled with shrimp and crab meat, and rabbit fillet with sun-dried tomatoes.

8. Dooky Chase's. This attractive classic is where the indomitable Leah Chase displays paintings by local black artists. She also ladles out two authoritative gumbos—the more delicate seafood-and-okra combination and the hefty chicken-and-andouille file gumbo.

9. Mother's. Breakfast is taken seriously in New Orleans, nowhere more so than at this self-service luncheonette, justly famous for its eggs, spicy hot or smoked sausage, and grits or biscuits with debris (the shavings of ham and roast beef left in the slicing machine)—all rib-sticking fare for less than \$5.

10. Windsor Court. For brunch, the top choice is in this impeccable hotel. Delectables include eggs Sardou (poached with hollandaise sauce on spinach and artichoke hearts) and trout with pecans.

—By Mimi Sheraton/New Orleans



Creole seafood and chipped ice at Galatoire's



THE REPUBLICANS



"He's Pretty Much a Blank Slate"

In a talk with TIME, Michael Dukakis responds to Bush



En route from Richmond to Jacksonville last Friday, Michael Dukakis spoke with TIME Correspondent Michael Riley about George Bush, the Republicans and the campaign.

Excerpts:

Q. George Bush has accused you of advocating unilateral disarmament, of coming from the far-left fringe, of being a Stealth candidate, unheard on the issues.

A. That's campaign rhetoric and nothing else. I think it's coming from a campaign that's in disarray, that's getting desperate. I guess the theory is that if you don't have that much to say yourself, stick it to the other guy.

I surely don't think that's what the American people want to hear or what they're interested in. The first and most important thing a candidate has to do is to establish himself and what he stands for, what he believes in, what kind of person he is. . . . The Vice President's fundamental problem is that people don't have any sense of what a Bush presidency would be like, and unless he changes that, he's going to lose.

Q. Explain what you meant when you said that George Bush's positions were not clear on much of anything.

A. I said that he was pretty much a blank slate, and I think that's true. Look at the fundamental issues that face this country: economic development, especially in dis-

trressed regions of the country, health care, housing, education, the environment. There's no definition. There are 38 million Americans without health insurance. What would a Bush Administration do about that? I don't think anybody has a clue.



Q. Can you give a defense to the constant Republican bashing of your inexperience in foreign policy?

A. I don't think it needs any defense. One of the reasons I'm running for the presidency is that I want to help to shape American foreign policy. . . . I'm looking forward to debating foreign policy with the Vice President because I think he's extremely vulnerable in many ways: U.S.-Soviet relations, his response to issues like Iran-*contra*, Third World issues and the

whole question of national security. Everybody knows that the defense budget in real terms isn't going to grow, no matter who the next President is. There's no way that we can build all these weapons systems and at the same time maintain a strong conventional capability. It's impossible.

Q. Are you planning to watch the Republican Convention?

A. No. I'm going to be too busy campaigning.

Q. What do you expect to come out of the convention?

A. More of the same. We've got a pretty good sense of what kind of campaign they are going to run. It's getting pretty shrill.

Q. What do you think of their campaign?

A. I don't take it lightly. The one thing I think is most encouraging is that there will be no part of this country, no state in this country, that the Republicans can assume is theirs. Not one.

Q. On a personal level, what is your opinion of George Bush?

A. I don't know him that well. I couldn't even begin to make a judgment, because there is so little definition to this man. I don't know that many people know him.

Q. Will you have any trouble sleeping if George Bush is elected in November?

A. [long pause] Well, I usually sleep pretty well.

Is Bigger Better?

The G.O.P. trumps Dukakis with a monster platform



Party platforms, cooked in the high temperature of factional passions, quickly grow cold as the real campaign begins. Voters would rather listen to live candidates than read moribund clichés. But last week, as Republicans finished drafting their 1988 document in New Orleans, G.O.P. leaders thought they had forged a workable weapon to use against the Democrats: the Heft Issue.

Democratic National Chairman Paul Kirk had created the opening. Kirk decid-

ed that a crafty way to debunk the charge that Democrats promise everything to everyone was to shrink the normally gargantuan party platform to a brief statement of principles. That seemed logical enough, but the play reinforced the claim by George Bush that Michael Dukakis is a "Stealth candidate" who ducks specific positions. So when Republican drafters went to work, they produced a 30,000-word monster, nearly ten times the size of its Democratic counterpart.

The platform bulges with specific assertions and pledges, most of them quite familiar. The G.O.P. is against: any species of tax increase, abortion, furloughs for convicted murderers. It is for: the Strategic Defense Initiative, a reduction in the capital-gains tax, the death penalty.

The urge to inject details led to some surprising provisions. In their final deliberations, the drafters added an item calling

for a constitutional amendment to limit the number of consecutive terms served by members of Congress. Other passages hardly qualify as presidential: the Republicans would evict drug dealers from public-housing projects and encourage recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance in all schools.

With his representatives fending off pet proposals by both ultra-conservatives and the tiny progressive remnant, Bush got a platform very much in his own image. Thus armed, he plans to continue to use the stealth gambit against Dukakis. But in politics, as in war, every strategy evokes a response. In being so specific, the G.O.P. has promised potentially expensive goodies to various groups, such as tax breaks for certain oil producers and families that send their children to private school. Any moment now, the Democrats will tag the Republicans as the party of special interests. ■

American Notes



ATLANTA **Staying longer than planned**



NEW YORK CITY **No guilt**



THE MISSISSIPPI **New insights into a romantic past**

NUCLEAR TESTING

Digging Up Dirt On the U.S.

Assorted tools, wire, rocks and dirt are not the stuff that spooks seek in spy novels. But such materials turned up last month when Soviet inspectors searched personal items being shipped home by three Americans working for the Energy Department at the Semipalatinsk nuclear test site. Soviet authorities charged that the items were sensitive and that shipment of them was banned under the agreement permitting each superpower to monitor underground tests on the other's territory.

Embarrassed U.S. officials conceded that the attempted shipping violated the arrangements. They denied that information on Soviet warheads could be gleaned from the contraband. It was all an innocent misunderstanding by souvenir collectors, the U.S. said.

ATLANTA

"Baby Doe" Stays in Jail

The plan was to lodge a protest during the Democratic National Convention, accept a pro forma arrest and then return home to such cities as New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis. But last week more than 200 antiabortion demon-

strators, including many of the 134 seized last month, remained in Atlanta and Fulton County jails. They had stalled processing by giving their names as "Baby Jane Doe" or "Baby John Doe," after the nameless victims of abortions.

The protesters insisted that Atlanta authorities had reneged on an agreement not to press charges of trespassing after the activists blocked access to an abortion clinic. Their sympathizers held new demonstrations, and more arrests followed. The Rev. Jerry Falwell flew to Atlanta to give a \$10,000 check to Operation Rescue, the group that organized the protest. Falwell said he might return to get arrested; if he does, his identity should not be difficult to determine.

THE NAVY

Distress At Sea

U.S. Navy policy calls for rescuing anyone at sea whose boat is adrift or in danger of sinking. Thus the service is investigating reports from among 52 survivors of a boatload of 110 Vietnamese refugees who were given food and water but not taken on board by crewmen of the amphibious U.S. transport ship *Dubuque* in the South China Sea on June 9. The refugees claim that their 35-ft. wooden boat was disabled at the time and that many were near starvation.

After the *Dubuque* continued on its way to the Persian Gulf, the Vietnamese say, they became so desperate that they drowned a boy, a young woman and a man, then boiled and ate parts of their bodies. Two children who had starved were also cannibalized. Before being rescued by Filipino fishermen on June 28, the refugees lost 58 passengers to exposure, hunger or drowning. The *Dubuque's* commander, Captain Alexander Balian, said the refugee boat was seaworthy when he saw it, but he has been removed from command while the inquiry continues.

NEW YORK CITY

Just Say No—To Beggars

Never inclined to shun controversy, New York City Mayor Ed Koch last week offered solace and a solution to millions of pedestrians who cannot pass by a panhandler without feeling guilty. Koch's advice: donate to a charity instead. Most street beggars, in the mayor's view, are "mentally disturbed or it's a scam." Many "just don't want to work for a living" and spend the take from passersby on "booze and drugs." Koch said he will lead an advertising campaign to encourage gifts to volunteer agencies and to tell panhandlers where they can find help. Leaders of charities applauded the idea. But critics said that

the mayor is merely making middle-class New Yorkers feel better while neglecting the lack of readily available services for the homeless and the poor.

THE MISSISSIPPI

The River Gives Up Its Secrets

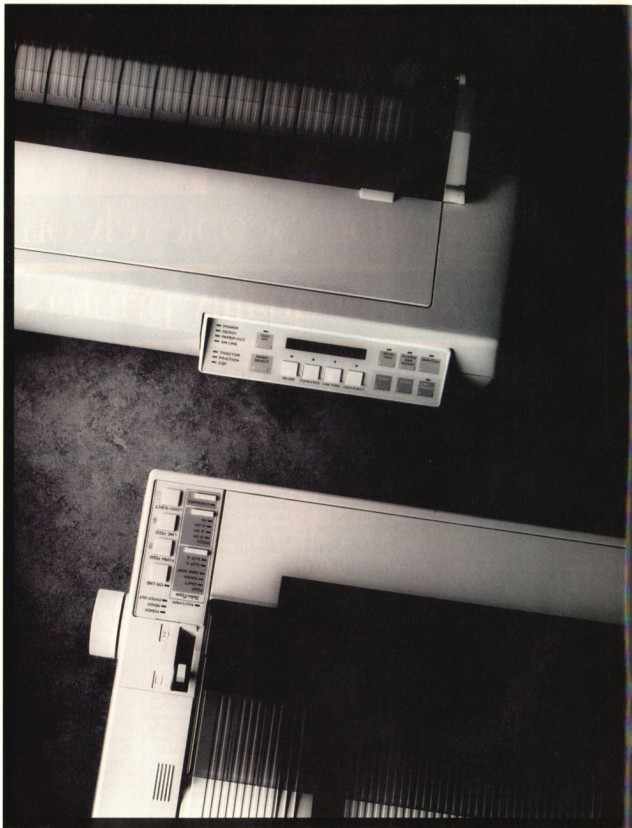
The drought has reduced parts of the mighty Mississippi to a slow, shallow stream, stalling barge traffic amid rocks and sandbars. But as the water recedes, the river bottom emerges, providing clues to a lost past. On an ugly beach of sand and clay in Arkansas, just downstream from Memphis, archaeologists have struck what they consider gold: large chunks of riverboats built in the late 1800s and long buried in silt.

The discoveries include parts of a 200-ft. stern-wheel steamboat, a 175-ft. wooden coal barge and another 140-ft. wooden barge. These relics excite historians because no large boats of the era, nor even their construction drawings, survive. Contents Archaeologist Leslie Stewart-Abernathy, who heads the project: "When we think about the Mississippi, we've got to get beyond the image of the river gambler and think about the guys who built the boats." Without them, there would have been a lot less life on the once romantic river.

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Building to a climax: thousands of protesters march in front of Rangoon's Sule Pagoda demanding the ouster of President Sein Lwin

World

BURMA

Under Bloody Siege

As a country explodes, a despised leader falls

From Mandalay in the central plain to Moulmein on the Andaman Sea, Burma burst into flames last week, the spark provided by protest and bloodshed, the oxygen by rumor. In Sagaing, a city of 70,000 in the center of the country, security forces opened up with shotguns on a crowd of 5,000 that was converging on a police station, and 31 people were reported killed. In the suburbs of Rangoon, the capital, three policemen were reported to have been beheaded by enraged mobs. Word of mutinies by

military units in the north and east flickered through the country like fire on a trail of gunpowder. In Rangoon protesters against the regime of recently installed President Sein Lwin begged motorists for gasoline to make Molotov cocktails. Others marched through the streets in grisly corteges, bearing aloft the bodies of demonstrators killed by security forces.

For five days last week, violence engulfed much of Burma, a country peopled by devout Buddhists averse to bloodletting, in a spontaneous eruption of discon-

tent that rocked a despised government to its foundations. Then, just as the surge of clashes ebbed slightly—as if both sides were catching their breath—the protesters won what they had set out to achieve, the resignation of Sein Lwin (pronounced sane lwin), 64, a hard-line retired general who had succeeded longtime Strongman Ne Win only 17 days earlier. No explanation accompanied the President's resignation beyond a brief mention that he had also given up chairmanship of the Burma So-

cialist Program Party, the country's sole political organization. Who would take his place remained a mystery, but there was speculation that General Kyaw Htin, a respected former chief of staff and Defense Minister, was in control; he had signed the resignation announcement.

The upheaval left Burma's 38 million people in a volatile, though temporarily quiet state, with the party still confronted by an opposition at once broad based and emboldened by success. Desperately grasping to save its crumbling legitimacy, the party announced a special meeting of its Central Committee and of the People's Assembly this Friday to address the crisis. Among observers in Rangoon, a wary optimism prevailed. "There is a small glimmer of hope after years of gathering darkness," was the way one Western diplomat put it. "Maybe the country has turned a corner—and that's a big maybe."

By the time Sein Lwin fell, the official death toll in the disturbances had risen to 98, though foreign diplomats in Rangoon placed the figure at several times that number. Unofficial estimates held that more than 1,000 protesters had been killed by security forces and that many thousands more had suffered injuries.

The fall of Sein Lwin, frequently described as the "most hated man in Burma" because of his brutal handling of past antigovernment outbursts, could mark the end of a 26-year era of one-party rule. Since Ne Win, then head of the Burmese army, seized power in 1962 and replaced democracy with autocracy, virtually all political expression has been suppressed in something of a perpetual purge, the sole exception being the Burma Socialist Program Party.

Ne Win had promised a "Burmese Way to Socialism"—a strange mix of Buddhism, socialism and isolationism—but instead allowed a potentially robust economy to drift on a joyless ride down a Burmese road to ruin. Once Asia's premier rice exporter and a country rich in oil, grain, gems and timber, Burma slipped into abject impoverishment, thanks to haphazard central planning, mismanagement and an unbending policy of self-sufficiency. While resources were devoted to a four-decade struggle with tribal guerrilla armies around the country, annual per capita income sank from \$670 in 1960 to \$190 in 1987, according to the World Bank. The United Nations lists Burma among the least-developed countries on the globe.

Choked off at the center and fraying at the edges, Burma seemed primed for combustion. Harbingers of trouble had appeared in the form of occasional protests for almost a year, only to be quickly suppressed by security forces under the command of Sein Lwin, then the party's secretary-general. Ever strengthening

Youthful demonstrators raising fists and a flag of peace; Burmese troops mounting a charge in the capital



tremors began two weeks ago, as larger and larger crowds, first of students, then of all manner of citizens, gathered at the Shwedagon Pagoda, the splendid golden shrine in North Rangoon, and the Sule Pagoda in the center of the city.

The first major quake struck early last week. In defiance of martial law, which Sein Lwin had decreed on Aug. 3, tens of thousands—perhaps more than had gathered for any occasion since independence in 1948—flocked into the streets of the capital in response to a general strike called by students. Similar demonstrations occurred in at least 16 other cities. Soldiers from the army's 77th Brigade, which had been deployed in Rangoon several days earlier, stood quietly away from the marchers.

All that changed within a few hours. Last Monday evening the 77th Brigade was replaced by the 22nd Light Infantry, a battle-hardened division that was pulled from eastern Burma. Half an hour after, the new unit took up positions, its soldiers opened fire; an estimated four were killed by the first volleys. Through the following day, the shooting against unarmed ralliers continued. According to reports received by officials in Washington, the soldiers appeared to have orders to fire: "There were well-organized bodies of troops roaming the city, shooting at groups of demonstrators."

At one point, after security forces barged into Rangoon General Hospital, several doctors and nurses, having refused to hand over injured demonstrators, were shot by the soldiers. Radio Rangoon broadcast news of the decapitations of three policemen outside Rangoon and later reported that in the town of North Okkalapa, where two of the executions supposedly took place, 10,000 demonstrators had surrounded an army unit, causing more gunfire.

Because of the regime's control of the press and the restrictions on foreign journalists, reliable information was sparse. Even the whereabouts of Ne Win, the man who only a few weeks earlier had seemed so unassailable, were uncertain. Rumor had it that the 78-year-old was honeymooning with his 25-year-old wife—his sixth—at his magnificent villa on Inya Lake, about seven miles from Rangoon, protected by 700 soldiers.

Burma's upheaval, meantime, seemed likely to worsen at the periphery. Some of the ethnic guerrillas of the National Democratic Front, an antigovernment coalition that claims to have a total of 35,000 men and women under arms, announced that the tribal armies would join forces with the urban demonstrators. Brang Seng, head of the Kachin Independence Organization, called for an offensive to

push government troops out of the cities.

If the road to discontent began in 1962, when Ne Win led a coup that ousted Prime Minister U Nu, the most careless turns were taken in the past year. A critical one came in September, when the government invalidated all 25-, 35- and 75-kyat notes. (The government-set exchange rate is 6.29 kyats to the dollar; the black-market rate is closer to 45 kyats.) Designed to curb ruinous inflation—then as high as 100% for some commodities—and to punch a hole in the black market, the decree wiped out 60% of the country's currency, and with it the savings and hopes of Burma's middle class.



A demonstrator carries a picture of Aung Gyi
The retired officer was jailed after he attacked corruption.

Visible disaffection with the Ne Win regime grew in March, when a fresh round of protests was brutally put down. The unrest, triggered by a tea-house brawl between progovernment and antigovernment youths, was quashed by Sein Lwin's despised riot police, the Lon Htein, with as many as 300 demonstrators killed. While being carted off to jail, 41 detainees suffocated in a police van.

Frustration began bubbling over following a party session last month, a gathering that tantalizingly augured reform but delivered nothing of the kind. Ne Win had called the party congress a year ahead of schedule, purportedly because he was upset over the March riots and lingering unrest in June. At the session, he offered his resignation for being "indirectly responsible" for the rioting. He stunned the delegates and the country even more by proposing a referendum on whether Burma should have a multiparty system.

His resignation was accepted, but the referendum was rejected—in part, no doubt, because party members had no desire to relinquish their privileges.

The announcement that Sein Lwin would assume the party leadership caught the Burmese, as well as foreign observers, by surprise and punctured hope for a political liberalization. Sein Lwin, also known as "the Butcher," was the man most identified with the repression of the Ne Win years. The link went back to 1962, when Sein Lwin, then an army captain and a fellow plotter in Ne Win's coup, commanded a company of soldiers

that massacred students at the Rangoon University Students' Union who were opposed to the military takeover. He became Ne Win's chief enforcer and, as commander of the riot police, was believed responsible for the murderous excesses of last March. Explains Minoru Kiryu, a Japanese expert on Burma: "The public sentiment was 'That is the one person we cannot forgive.'"

Matters were exacerbated shortly after Sein Lwin's election, when he ordered the arrest of retired Brigadier Aung Gyi, the closest thing Burma has to an opposition leader. In recent months, Aung Gyi had sent Ne Win several open letters criticizing government corruption and incompetence—including that of Sein Lwin—and advocating reform.

In the absence of a strong class of businessmen or a highly organized church—both of which existed in the Philippines when Ferdinand Marcos was deposed—the party and the 163,000-troop Burmese army it controls have a virtual monopoly on political power. The likelihood is that any new leadership will be drawn from the military. If the army engineers a coup, chances are that the move will be led by younger officers, men in their late 40s who are unlikely to take a favorable view of the party's policies. Explains Kiryu: "Those in their 60s and older, who experienced foreign colonial control, understand the Burmese Way to Socialism. But the younger people don't. They go home and see the poverty outside. They have started to question their society."

Whether or not the military will have to act could be decided by the party conference that begins this week. Resistance to reform from within the party might deepen the hostility of younger officers. And popular pressure could also prod the army to action. Protesters said one goal, the ouster of Sein Lwin, had been achieved, but another, the restoration of democracy, had not. As a poster that began appearing around Rangoon on Saturday proclaimed: WE ARE NOT SATISFIED.

—By Daniel Benjamin.
Reported by Jay Branagan/Bangkok and Jay Peterzell/Washington

World

ANGOLA

Shifts in the Wind

After 13 years, the world's most complicated conflict may be ending

The small smile that creased his normally stolid face said more than a thousand press conferences: Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker was pleased. And with good reason. Seven years ago, he set out to negotiate a peaceful solution to the conflict involving Angola, Cuba and South Africa. Last week the three countries jointly announced "a de facto cessation of hostilities" in the 13-year-old war and pledged to work toward the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Angola and neighboring Namibia. The impending agreement is not only a personal triumph for Crocker but also one of the most impressive examples of creative, consistent diplomacy in the Reagan era.

As some 3,000 South African troops began pulling out of Angola last week, however, some potentially explosive issues remained unresolved. For starters, the talks did not include representatives from either the Soviet-backed South West Africa People's Organization, which has an estimated 2,500 troops in Angola, or the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), which is backed by the U.S. and South Africa and has an army of some 25,000 in Angola. UNITA insists that it will continue fighting.

Crocker remained cautious about declaring an end to one of the world's most complicated and protracted conflicts. "It's on the verge of the pieces either pulling together or blowing up very fast," he said. "What I'm trying to do now is focus attention and pressure on the big pieces not yet resolved—primarily the schedule for Cuban withdrawal." Cuba and Angola have proposed a three-to-four-year timetable to remove its estimated 50,000 troops from Angola, while South Africa has called for a complete Cuban withdrawal by next June. Says Crocker: "There will have to be a compromise."

For the time being, however, all three countries have agreed to a schedule of steps leading to the implementation of a three-way treaty drafted in Geneva two weeks ago. Among the main provisions:

- ▶ A South African pullout from Angola by Sept. 1, by which time Cuba and Angola will present a timetable for the withdrawal of Cuban troops.

- ▶ Implementation of United Nations Security Council Resolution 435, which South Africa agreed to in principle in 1978 but has never carried



TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese

out. The resolution calls for Namibian independence and U.N.-supervised elections there.

- ▶ A phased withdrawal of most of the estimated 50,000 South African troops from Namibia to be completed by Feb. 1, 1989, and the deployment of a 7,500-member U.N. peacekeeping force.

The accord vindicates Crocker's tenacious, realpolitik brand of diplomacy. A former director of African studies at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, Crocker was hired by the State Department in 1981 and assumed the job of finding a solution to the turmoil in Africa.

Crocker credits the breakthrough in negotiations to his strategy of linking the competing interests with the comprehensive settlement he has mediated. He believes the antagonists in the regional dra-

ma have gradually come to accept his plan as their only way out of an inconclusive struggle. Says Crocker: "You have to create your own wind in the sails."

It did not hurt, of course, that the winds of war had also begun to blow in his favor. Last summer the Angolan army launched a Cuban-backed offensive against UNITA strongholds in the southeast of the country. South African forces responded with a full-scale counterattack that drove the Angolans and Cubans back to the town of Cuito Cuanavale. Three months ago in southwest Angola, Cuban troops took up positions as close as ten miles from the Namibian border. Bugged down in an expensive and demoralizing military stalemate, all three governments have become increasingly receptive to a settlement that would end the fighting while protecting their security interests.

Just as crucial, perhaps, was South Africa's realization that its best interests lay in reaching a Namibia settlement while the Reagan Administration was still in office. At the same time, the Soviets started throwing their weight behind the peace process. Crocker has held half a dozen meetings with his Soviet counterparts since March to discuss the superpowers' role in the conflict and to ask Moscow to urge both the Angolans and the South Africans to be flexible.

Even so, some diplomats are skeptical that Pretoria will honor its commitment to leave Namibia, which it has administered for 73 years. More than once during the past seven years, the South Africans have dashed Crocker's hopes for peace. Perhaps to show its good faith, South Africa has invited U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar to visit Pretoria as soon as possible to discuss independence for Namibia.

Meanwhile, representatives of the U.S., South Africa, Angola and Cuba plan to reconvene next week to discuss such issues as a schedule for withdrawal of Cuban troops, future South African aid to Angolan rebels and the presence of bases of the African National Congress, which is fighting a guerrilla campaign against South Africa. Asked about the upcoming negotiations, Crocker said, "Some bullets have been bitten. There are some more that have to be bitten. And soon."

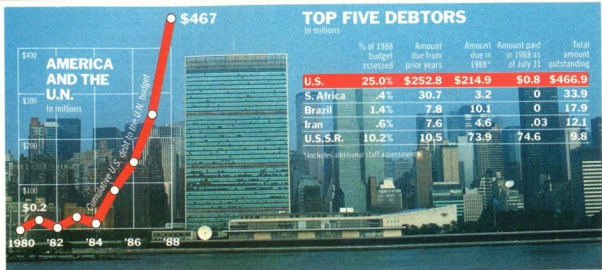
—By Guy D. Garcia, Reported by Bruce W. Nelson/Johannesburg and Jay Peterzell/Washington



Crocker



Seeking consensus: a Soviet-made Mi-25 helicopter in Angola



UNITED NATIONS

Peace Rich, Cash Poor

U.N. successes are marred by a financial battle with Washington

As representatives of Iran and Iraq sat at the ends of a horseshoe-shaped table at the United Nations Security Council last week, they looked almost like schoolboys about to be disciplined. They stared straight ahead as Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar announced that after eight years of war and a million or more casualties, Iran and Iraq had agreed to end all hostilities on Aug. 20. The two sides, he added, would begin peace talks in Geneva five days later.

Although the session lasted only 15 minutes, it underscored the new power and respect that the U.N. has recently won as a peacekeeper. But even as the U.N. was helping to halt conflicts in trouble spots from Afghanistan to southern Africa, a dispute with the U.S. over \$467 million in back dues and \$70 million in peacekeeping assessments threatened the success of those efforts. Said Pérez de Cuéllar of plans to send 350 troops to observe the Iran-Iraq cease-fire: "I simply don't have the money to pay for it." Unless the U.S. soon makes up its arrears, the Secretary-General warned, the U.N. will have to cut back operations sharply when it runs out of cash reserves in November.

The dispute placed Washington in the awkward and embarrassing position of appearing to want peace while being unwilling to support it. Normally outspoken U.N. critics such as Claiborne Pell, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, denounced the U.S. as a "deadbeat."

But not even the U.N.'s most loyal advocates give it sole credit for the recent outbreak of peace in many parts of the world. Pérez de Cuéllar cited improved ties between the U.S. and the Soviet Union for creating a "much more propitious atmosphere for dialogue and under-

standing." At the same time, Iran's battlefield losses in its war with Iraq drove Tehran to accept a one-year-old U.N. resolution for halting the conflict. In southern Africa, U.S. diplomacy led to a cease-fire in Angola that utilized a ten-year-old U.N. resolution to help achieve peace.

Relations between Washington and the U.N. soured in the 1970s when the developing countries, usually in league with the Soviet bloc, seemed bent on transforming the General Assembly into a forum for attacking the U.S. and other industrial nations. One low point came in 1975 when a U.N. resolution equated Zionism with racism. Angered by a decade of such hectoring, Congress voted in 1985 to withhold a portion of its annual dues until the U.N. reformed its budget and gave large countries greater control of its spending.

The Reagan Administration argues that the U.S. still pays far more to support the U.N. than it receives credit for. Richard Williamson, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations, says the U.S. contributes \$1.8 billion a year to all U.N. and U.N.-affiliated operations, including dues and voluntary contributions. Even when assistance to regional development banks is excluded, Williamson says, the U.S. pays more than \$900 million a year, and "that contribution dwarfs anybody else's." U.S. officials are particularly angered by criticism of the U.S. at a time when Moscow remains some \$250 million in arrears for special peacekeeping

operations. The Soviets, however, have deflected criticism by paying their dues for this year.

The White House also complains that the U.N. is a spendthrift and wastes too much on its missions. Administration officials, for example, scoff at U.N. plans to spend \$74 million to monitor the Iran-Iraq truce for six months. Yet the Administration appealed last week to such states as Saudi Arabia and Japan, which should benefit from unimpeded gulf oil shipments, to contribute \$20 million for U.N. troops in the area.

For its part, Congress has been favorably impressed by the U.N.'s diplomatic success and by the progress it has made in cutting costs and overhauling its budget. The U.N. has reduced its worldwide staff by nearly 13%, bringing the number of workers to 13,500. President Reagan could now release an initial \$44 million in funds by declaring that the U.N.'s had satisfied Congress's 1985 conditions. But in a meeting last month with Pérez de Cuéllar, Reagan

said he wanted to see more evidence of U.N. compliance.

That has dismayed White House allies like Republican Senator Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas, who sponsored the 1985 legislation. In a letter to Reagan last week, Kassebaum joined fellow Senators Pell and Indiana Republican Richard Lugar in urging Reagan to release U.N. funds "at the earliest possible date." But while a senior Administration official conceded that "we think we should ante up more money," he offered little hope for quick action. Nonetheless, Reagan may want to declare a truce in his financial battle with the U.N. by Sept. 26, when he is scheduled to address the General Assembly.

—By John Greenwald.
Reported by Marguerite Michaels/New York and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Pérez de Cuéllar

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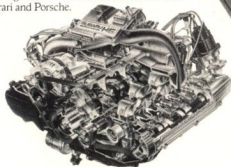


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CHEMICAL WARFARE

Return of the Silent Killer

Iraq's triumph over Iran breaks the taboo against using those hellish poisons



Painful legacy: a girl receives treatment in Iran after the Iraqi gas attack on Halabja

First, one detects an odd odor, something like the scent of garlic. Then the burning sets in, blurring vision as the eyes begin to smart and itch. Uncontrollable bouts of sneezing and coughing follow, often attended by nausea and vomiting. As the hours crawl by, the inflammation slowly spreads. When it reaches the respiratory tract, swelling the internal lining, the breath shortens and the chest tightens. The skin darkens to a sickly purplish color, the armpits and other cavities turning almost black. Excruciating blisters appear on the neck, chest and thighs, causing patches of skin to fall off. Large lesions discolor the genital area. For some, the blisters and the terror eventually fade, although they may be plagued by side effects like bone-marrow or gastrointestinal problems for years to come. Others perish quickly, the silenced victims of a silent killer.

Of all the horrors perpetrated during the eight-year war between Iran and Iraq, none have been more insidious than the routine use of mustard gas by the Iraqis against their Iranian foes. Despite a 63-year-old international protocol that forbids the use of chemical weapons, the Iraqis have relied increasingly over the past four years on mustard gas, and possibly cyanide gas and nerve agents as well, to combat Iranian forces. Chemical weapons, dubbed "that hellish poison" by Winston Churchill, weighed heavily in Iran's abrupt decision last month to abandon the fight against Iraq and pursue a cease-fire. No matter when peace is finally achieved, the use of chemical weapons will remain a lasting legacy of the war, and its consequences will be debated by the international community for years to come. Says Julian Robinson, an expert on chemical weapons at the University of Sussex: "The cork is out of the bottle."

Peace did seem closer last week after Iraq dropped its demand for direct talks with Iran before a cease-fire could be declared. At the United Nations, Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar successfully called upon the two countries to end all hostilities on Aug. 20. As evidence of its goodwill, Iraq announced that the fighting would stop, and Iran issued a cease-fire order. One day later, however, the truce threatened to falter as charges were exchanged. Baghdad contended that Iran was still shelling Iraqi forces. Tehran charged that Baghdad was still using poison gas to dislodge Kurdish separatists from a mountain stronghold in the Erbil province of northeastern Iraq. Iran claimed that the two-week-old offensive had already injured 63 civilians in three villages and forced the evacuation of two other towns.

The accusations came shortly after the release of a U.N. report that graphically documented the use of gas in Iraqi attacks earlier this summer. Even those reports of human suffering paled beside the horrific descriptions of Iraq's most brutal assault, the bombing last March of the village of Halabja in northern Iraq, then held by Iran, with mustard gas, cyanide and a nerve gas. When the deadly yellow and white clouds settled, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of bloated Kurdish bodies littered the streets. Despite the incontrovertible evidence of a chemical onslaught, Iraq did not admit to the use of poison gas until July.

Since the Halabja carnage, reaction in diplomatic circles and the international media has been strangely muted. Iraq's flagrant violation of the 1925 Geneva Protocol did not precipitate an enraged outcry from the 105 nations that have signed the ban on chemical weapons through the years, nor did it inspire any attempt to bring Iraq before the International Court of Justice. Despite "major acts of genocide," says Steven Rose, a neurobiologist at Britain's Open University,



That most horrible of fates: an adult clutches a child, both of them literally stopped dead in their tracks on a Halabja street

ty, "the fact is, Iraq has got away with it."

The distressing silence is difficult to explain. Certainly, it is not for lack of evidence. Since 1984 six separate missions dispatched by the U.N. have documented instances of chemical warfare. The most recent team, two medical doctors, concluded that the use of chemical weapons "has been intensifying and has also become more frequent." Analysts speculate that Iran's pariah status may have engendered the silence. Neither Washington nor Moscow, they note, has been eager to impede Iraq's effort against Iran. Moreover, the war's seeming interminability has focused attention on the need for solutions, not more controversy. "In the interest of peace," concedes a U.N. staffer close to the cease-fire talks, "I doubt that we will hear much more about the issue."

Even if Baghdad escapes censure, the international community will have to face up to the reality that the taboo on the use of chemical weapons has been weakened, if not destroyed. There is evidence that Iran has used chemical weapons also, although to a far lesser degree than Iraq. As many as 20 countries are believed to possess chemi-

cal weapons or the capability to produce them. Nonetheless, besides Iraq, only the U.S. and the Soviet Union have admitted owning chemical arsenals. But the superpowers are not the real threat. Specialists worry about countries like Libya, Burma, Cuba, Peru, Ethiopia and Viet Nam, some of which are believed to have employed chemical weapons in battle. Even terrorist groups and drug runners can get their hands on poison gases. Warns Elisa Harris, a visiting research fellow at Britain's Royal United Services Institute for Defense Studies: "Other Third World countries can now look at Iraq and think, 'If I find a situation in which chemical warfare will help militarily, I might go ahead because obviously I might not have to pay a high political price.'"

The proliferation of poison gases, while chilling, is not surprising. "Chemical weapons are the poor man's weapon," explains Etienne Copel, formerly deputy chief of staff of the French air force. "They are cheap, simple to use—and very effective." The sad fact is that any country with a pesticide fac-

tory is capable of making deadly gases. Iraq, for example, produced some of its chemical weapons at a pesticide plant at Samarra. "It's a relatively low-tech option," says Graham Pearson, director of Britain's defensive chemical-warfare program at Porton Down. "And Third World countries appear able to obtain aircraft and bombs that they can then modify to deliver the chemical weapons."

Such activity violates the 1925 Geneva Protocol, which outlawed the use of all poison gases, but never forbade their production and stockpiling. More stringent precautions might have been advised, given the lengthy and sordid history of chemical warfare. Use of deadly fumes dates back to the Peloponnesian War, when tar pitch and sulfur were mixed to produce a suffocating gas. Twenty-three centuries later, chemical weaponry emerged as the ugly stepchild of the modern chemical industry. The great nations of Europe decided that such weapons were barbaric and outlawed them in the Hague Convention of 1899.

But the peculiar language of the document was easily skirted by the Germans,

who used poison gas to devastating effect in World War I. In April 1915, German soldiers surreptitiously installed 5,730 cylinders of liquid chlorine in the trenches along a four-mile section of no-man's-land near the Belgian town of Ypres. Using a heavy artillery barrage, the Germans were able to shatter the cylinders and release the lethal gas. In a single afternoon, 5,000 French troops were killed and an additional 10,000 were injured. The carnage in Flanders was commemorated in a poem by Wilfred Owen:

*... the white eyes
writhing in his face
His hanging face, like
a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at
every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from
the froth-corrupted
lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the
cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent
tongues ...*

German chemists subsequently introduced the far deadlier mustard gas to the battlefield. By the end of the war, both sides had fired about 124,000 tons of chemicals, killing 91,000 soldiers and wounding 1.2 million more. But strategists were still divided about the effectiveness of gas. Advocates of chemical warfare produced statistics showing that gas caused far more casualties per round than explosives; opponents produced conflicting evidence that it took a higher tonnage of chemicals to control a given area. Some claimed that gas was a "humane weapon" because the incidence of fatal casualties



During a chemical-attack drill in Tehran, a "victim" is carted off
The use of deadly fumes dates back to the Peloponnesian War.

was only 1 in 30, and even the wounded were not mutilated. Others argued that these figures were misleading and that gas should be outlawed forever.

At least one young German corporal who was temporarily blinded by a retaliatory blast of British mustard gas never forgot the experience. "My eyes," wrote Adolf Hitler, "had turned into glowing coals; it had grown dark around me." Hitler's memory, coupled with larger fears of retaliation, may help explain why the Nazis never unleashed their newly developed nerve gases on the battlefield in World War II, though they were applied in the gas chambers of the concentration camps.

It is precisely that deterrent effect that has persuaded some countries to pursue the development of chemical weapons. France, for example, argues that without a chemical

arsenal, the only response to attack by poison gas would be nuclear retaliation. During the 1987 U.N. chemical-disarmament talks, France proposed that each country be allowed a stockpile of up to 2,000 tons, which, while minimal, would be significant enough to discourage assaults. When the U.S. resumed the manufacture of chemical weapons last December for the first time since 1969, deterrence was the rationale. While agreeing that first use of chemical weapons should be banned, the Reagan Administration contended that, given the wide proliferation of chemical agents, the U.S. had no choice but to maintain an ability to retaliate.

Other countries are emphasizing defensive measures. Israel, widely assumed to possess a chemical arsenal, has purchased gas masks for its entire civilian population of 4.2 million and stored them throughout the country. The Israeli army medical corps has developed an injection that neutralizes gases. The investment in time and money stems from a fear of Syrian chemical attacks on Israeli air bases and military installations. According to the Israelis, a military research institute north of Damascus code-named Sers is preparing a new warhead for Syria's Soviet-made Scud B ground-to-ground missiles, which have a range of 175 miles. If the project is successful, Syria would be able to use chemical weapons against Israel's cities.

Syria does not deny that it possesses chemical weapons. When Lebanese reports circulated 15 months ago charging that Syria had deployed Soviet-made katyusha artillery rockets outfitted with chemical warheads against Palestinian refugee camps in southern Beirut, the Syrians rejected the accusation but did not refute the suggestion that their arsenals included poison warheads. In fact, Syrians claim that they are developing chemical weapons to counterbalance Israel's nuclear capability. Israelis do not dismiss Syria's fears. "They know very well that our reprisal will be horrible, and for the time being that deters them," General Amnon Shachak, chief of Israeli military intelligence, told reporters last month.

In 1986 the U.S. and the Soviet Union renewed talks on limiting chemical weapons. "The Soviets are just as worried about proliferation of chemical weapons as the United States," says an American official. Last year, in a burst of glasnost, the Soviets admitted to stockpiles of "no more than 50,000 tons of chemical warfare agents" (U.S. officials estimate that the Soviets have stockpiles well in excess of that amount.) More significantly, Moscow acceded last August to U.S. demands for on-site inspections of chemical weapons depots. Two months later, the Soviets were host to a delegation of Western military officials, who toured a plant at Shikhan,

CATALOG OF DEATH

Chemical Weapon	Effects
Blood Agents Hydrogen cyanide Cyanogen chloride	When inhaled, they block the blood's oxygen-carrying capacity, causing tearing, choking and sometimes death
Choking Agents Chlorine Phosgene Chloropicrin	These gases, some of which smell like hay, sear the lining of the air passages. When plasma enters the lungs from the bloodstream, victims drown in their own fluids
Blistering Agents Sulfur mustard Nitrogen mustard Lewistite	These can linger for weeks, inducing vomiting and nausea. Eye and skin irritation, temporary blindness and blisters typically result. Respiratory problems can lead to death
Nerve Agents Tabun Sarin Soman VX	Odorless, colorless substances that disrupt the function of the nervous system. The deadliest of the chemical poisons, they are inhaled or absorbed through the skin and can kill within 15 minutes

TIME Chart by Joe Lefkowitz



supposedly the U.S.S.R.'s largest chemical-weapons facility.

Still, there have been rocky moments. Earlier this year Moscow charged that Washington's renewed production of chemical killers threatened to torpedo the talks. For its part, the U.S. has charged that the Soviets have been involved with the use of poison gases in Laos, Kampuchea and Afghanistan, allegations that the Soviets strenuously deny. Nonetheless, when the ninth round of bilateral talks concluded in Geneva last month, the U.S. described the negotiations as "cordial, very serious and nonpolemical."

On the other hand, debate by the 40-nation Conference on Disarmament over a 1984 U.S. proposal to ban possession and production of chemical weapons is proceeding at a sluggish pace in Geneva. A treaty, admits the U.S. delegation, is still "years away." Unresolved questions include who will pay for implementation of the terms of the agreement, how to ensure that stockpiles are not being concealed and how to monitor civilian chemical industries.

More important, diplomats have not yet settled on a common definition of



Soviet technicians sample the toxins at the plant in Shikhan

Despite the climate of cooperation, a treaty remains a distant hope.

chemical weapons. They cannot agree, for instance, on whether to include tear gas in that category. The issue is complicated by the fact that many of the chemicals and much of the equipment used in the production of chemical weapons are also used in the manufacture of legitimate agricultural and industrial products. The poorer nations complain that a ban on

such chemicals would deprive them of agricultural fertilizers and ultimately of food. With that in mind, the Third World nations aim to insert a clause in the proposed treaty that would guarantee technical and economic assistance in exchange for their support.

Even if the 40 nations achieve consensus, the larger issue of global cooperation remains. Despite the more hospitable climate in which the superpowers have been able to negotiate reductions in nuclear forces, neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union is likely to surrender its chemical-weapons option if smaller nations continue to churn out poison gas. "It is an outstanding problem getting the Third World to recognize that it is better inside the chemical-warfare-disarmament machine," says Research Fellow

Harris. "If it can't be convinced, there won't be a treaty."

Treaty or not, one frightening conclusion seems valid: now that Iraq has used chemical weapons with impunity, at some point another war-weary nation will resort to hellish poisons.

—By Jill Smolowe.
Reported by Anne Constable/London and Glenn Garelik/Washington, with other bureaus

The U.S. Inventory

USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED, warn the prominently displayed red-and-white signs at the U.S. Army arsenal at Pine Bluff, Ark. Situated about 35 miles from Little Rock, off a busy state highway, the facility is the only producer of toxins for chemical weapons in the U.S. Since work resumed in December after a 19-year halt, the arsenal has manufactured a chemical called DF, which becomes nerve gas when mixed with alcohol. Workers are also busy incinerating some 94,000 lbs. of an obsolete hallucinogenic agent known as BZ. Yet area residents profess to have few fears about the facility. "Nothing bothers people out here," says James Morgan, 46, an insurance agent who lives near the site. "I guess it's because they've been around the arsenal so long."

Pine Bluff is the only Army facility that makes lethal chemical compounds, but it is one of eight around the country where they are stored.* The entire U.S. arsenal consists of some 30,000 tons of deadly liquids and gases. About two-thirds of that hoard is kept in drums; the rest is contained in weapons ranging from some 3 million artillery rounds to nearly 500,000 rockets. Though virtually all are scheduled to be destroyed by the mid-1990s, the stockpiles have raised safety issues. Con-



Gas-filled 105-mm shells at a Utah Army depot

*The other seven: Aberdeen, Md.; Lexington, Ky.; Anniston, Ala.; Newport, Ind.; Pueblo, Colo.; Tooele, Utah; and Umatilla, Ore.

gress learned last April that the Army has discovered more than 1,000 leaking chemical weapons since 1981.

The Nixon Administration halted production in 1969 after a nerve-gas accident at the Army's Dugway Proving Ground in Utah killed more than 6,000 sheep. However, fears of an overwhelming Soviet advantage in chemical weapons led Congress to vote three years ago to resume manufacturing. As a safety measure, all new U.S. chemical weapons are made of "binary" compounds that are less toxic by themselves and can be stored and shipped separately. Only when the substances are combined, as in a fired artillery shell or an exploded bomb, do they become deadly.

Nonetheless, the Democrat-controlled Congress remains uneasy over the prospect of rebuilding the U.S. chemical arsenal. While the Reagan Administration views such weapons as

a deterrent against aggression, lawmakers earlier this year slashed \$109 million from a Defense Department request for \$186 million for chemical arms. Opponents have gained another powerful ally in the U.S. chemical industry. In April, Robert Roland, president of the Chemical Manufacturers Association, which represents the major U.S. chemical companies, testified before Congress for a "strong, effective international treaty" to ban such weapons. Representatives of U.S., Canadian, Japanese and European firms are now drafting a set of recommendations for facilitating an agreement and inspecting chemical-industry plants.

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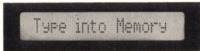
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TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY
AT YOUR TOUCH

World Notes



DIPLOMACY The offending mural in the meeting hall of the Ecuadorian Congress

ITALY

Sizing Up The Octopus

Seven months ago, a court in Palermo, Sicily, jailed 338 mafiosi in the biggest trial of its kind in Italian history. Last month, however, eight Sicilian magistrates who have been leading the crackdown requested transfers; they charged that through "omissions and inertia" the government was retreating from the war against organized crime. Among the frustrated judges was Giovanni Falcone, 49, the celebrated Mafia-buster who worked on the Palermo case, as well as the Pizza Connection trial in New York City. Said Minister of Justice Giuliano Vassalli: "The Mafia can hardly fail to exploit this disagreeable episode."

Maybe, maybe not. Last week the government named Domenico Sica, 55, a fierce Roman prosecutor hailed as "superman" by Italian newspapers, to be high commissioner in the fight against the Mafia. In the past two decades, Sica has directed investigations into some of Italy's toughest cases, including the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II and the kidnapping-murder of former Prime Minister Aldo Moro. Sica immediately flew off to Palermo, for a firsthand look at *La Piovra*, or the octopus, as the mob is known throughout Italy.

DIPLOMACY

Find a New Travel Agent

Forgive George Shultz if he is eager to get home. After the Secretary of State flew to La Paz last week, suspected drug lords detonated a bomb as his motorcade drove into the Bolivian capital. The dynamite blast missed Shultz's armored Cadillac but shattered the windows of several cars, including the one carrying his wife Helena. Unintimidated, Shultz delivered a speech that praised the government's new anticocaine measures.

Shultz proceeded to Quito, Ecuador, to attend the inauguration of incoming President Rodrigo Borja. But there he found that left-wing politicians had installed a blatantly anti-U.S. mural in the meeting hall of the Ecuadorian Congress, where the swearing-in ceremony was to take place. Among the mural's features: a skull wearing a Nazi-like helmet emblazoned with the initials CIA. Shultz showed up anyway. "As to the insult to the United States," he said, getting in the last word, "I don't appreciate it."

TERRORISM

Intrigue in The Courtroom

Shielded by two bulletproof glass partitions, Defendant Mohammed Ali Hammadi rose to

his feet last week to read a statement that startled spectators in the Frankfurt courtroom. The Lebanese terrorist confessed to participating in the 1985 hijacking of a TWA airliner to Beirut but denied that he murdered one of the plane's passengers, U.S. Navy Diver Robert Stethem. "I pleaded against the killing," claimed Hammadi, who said his partner had shot Stethem.

Speculation arose that Hammadi's confession was part of a maneuver by Iran that could free West German Rudolf Cordes, one of 16 foreign hostages believed to be held in Beirut by groups like the pro-Iranian Hizballah. Most experts doubted, however, that West Germany would agree to a Hammadi-Cordes swap. At the same time, a West German intelligence source contends that Iran ordered Hammadi's confession to gain Bonn's support during upcoming peace negotiations with Iraq. For more intrigue, tune in when the trial resumes next month.

NUMBERS

When Eight Was Enough

Octophiles were transfixed last week when the second Monday of this month produced the rhythmic four-digit 8-8-88. Gamblers bet on the numeral, and some came up lucky, albeit a little bit late. Three straight eights topped the New York

State lottery on—sorry—the ninth day of August, and 10,000 bettors who kept the faith for 24 hours will divide \$6 million.

Couples considered the day an auspicious start toward the risky business of living together happily ever after. Manfred Kies and Regine Kubos, two West Berliners, outdid 55,000 other West German couples who exchanged vows on the day by adding on a few pieces of eight to go with their wedding attire. They were married in Blindheim, a village 20 miles northwest of Augsburg, which has the postal zip code of 8888. The ceremony was scheduled for precisely 88 min. past 8 a.m. on, of course, 8-8-88. Ten thousand philatelists also swarmed into Blindheim to collect a rare postmark.

For the Japanese, the character that represents the numeral—two vertical lines widening toward the bottom—indicates *suehiro-gari*, or increasing prosperity. So does Mount Fuji, whose graceful slopes mirror the character. To observe the once-in-a-century day, nearly 1,000 Japanese climbers gathered at the top of Fuji in the early-morning hours of the 8th. They erected a cairn at the crest with 216 stones collected from mountains whose names include the word *Fuji*, such as Kofuji or Rishirifuji. At 8:08 the last stone was placed by an eight-year-old boy, Akinori Yasuda. His birthday: 8-8.



NUMBERS Birthday boy places the last stone atop Mount Fuji

Economy & Business

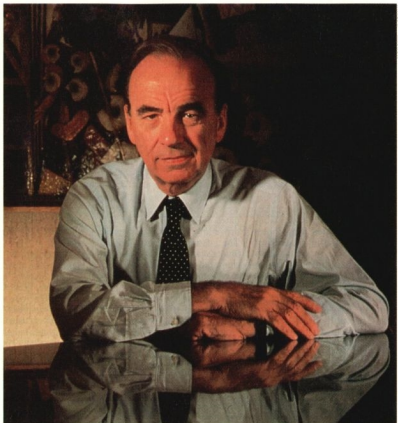
A \$3 Billion Gamble

Rupert Murdoch's TV Guide coup will bring him more power—and debt

Can two magazines and a daily racing-tip sheet be worth billions of dollars? Maybe so, if the buyer is Keith Rupert Murdoch. Last week the Australian-born press baron agreed to buy Triangle Publications, which puts out *TV Guide* (circ. 17.1 million), the *Daily Racing Form* (123,000) and *Seventeen* (1.9 million), from Walter Annenberg, the California businessman and philanthropist, for \$3 billion. While *TV Guide* may be the undisputed king of television listings and boast the largest circulation of any U.S. magazine, media experts concur that Murdoch is paying a premium price that will add to his already considerable debt load. But Murdoch, 57, has been a gambler since his teenage days, when he bet on cards and horses. And no one disputes that he has a keen eye for value. Says Peter Diamandis, a former publisher of *New York* magazine: "Murdoch continues to pay top dollar and succeed, so he must know something that we don't know."

The acquisition will bring Murdoch and his Sydney-based News Corp. one step closer to his goal of developing the most powerful communications empire in the world. After the deal is completed, the U.S. circulation of Murdoch's magazines, which include *New York* and *New Woman*, will total some 25 million. That will put News Corp. at roughly the same level as Time Inc., the largest U.S. magazine publisher.

Magazines, however, are but one of the pillars that support Murdoch's far-flung realm. The others: newspapers, books, films and television. Murdoch controls more than 60% of metropolitan newspaper circulation in Australia and 36% of the national distribution in Britain. Although he built his company primarily on racy tabloids and conservative politics, Murdoch also publishes the venerable *Times* and *Sunday Times* in London and the well-respected *Australian*, and he is part owner of the *South China Morning Post* in Hong Kong. While he has sold the New York *Post* and the Chicago *Sun-Times*, he still owns the Boston *Herald* and the San Antonio *Express-News*. He has interests in ten book publishers, including Glasgow's William Collins & Sons and New York City's Harper & Row. His 20th Century Fox movie studio and six independent TV stations in the U.S. have served as the launching pad for his new Fox Television network. In Europe his Sky Channel, a satellite broadcast-



ing service for cable-TV viewers, reaches 13.3 million homes in 22 countries.

In the wake of Murdoch's latest move, some media analysts warn of a potential conflict-of-interest problem: *TV Guide*, after all, will be reviewing Fox Television shows. "*TV Guide* is the dominant medium for program promotion," argues Andrew Jay Schwartzman, executive director of the Media Access Project, a Washington-based public-interest law firm. "The potential for abuse is considerable."

Most experts, however, argue that Murdoch is far too astute a businessman to tamper with *TV Guide*'s winning formula. The moment competing networks suspected that they were not getting equal treatment in *TV Guide*, they would almost certainly pull their advertising. If anything, says Barry Diller, Fox's chief

executive, the fledgling network will operate at a slight disadvantage. "A magazine has to retain its credibility, or it's lost," he maintains. "The natural instinct of the people operating *TV Guide* will be to bend over backward to ensure that there's no appearance of favoritism."

Murdoch's holdings may sprawl over four continents, but there is a clear pattern. "Everything is English-language related, global related and media related," says John J. Veronis, head of Veronis, Suhler & Associates, the investment-banking firm that brokered the Triangle deal. Adds Investment Banker Steven Rattner of Morgan Stanley: "Other U.S. media are exporting their products, but Murdoch is the only one buying indigenous communication systems and linking them together."

The potential advantages of such linkages are myriad. For example, Fox controls a large film library, including such hits as *Cocoon* and *Aliens*, as well as the syndication rights to such favorite TV shows as *L.A. Law* and *M*A*S*H*. If Murdoch's satellite network goes global, he could broadcast movies and reruns to markets as far apart as Memphis and Melbourne. And then, if he combined *TV Guide's* circulation in the U.S. with that of his *TV Week* in Australia, he could offer advertisers access to a much larger market for less money. In buying *TV Guide*, Murdoch has also purchased thousands of

Murdoch is no absentee press lord. His home is now New York City, but he spends much of his time traveling among his far-flung operations. While he may rely on his two chief lieutenants, Richard Sarazen and Martin Singerman, for handling financial matters and administrative details, the one in charge is Murdoch. Says Investment Banker Veronis of the Triangle deal: "At our first meeting, he carefully picked up each publication, and we talked about the content and the market that the publication reached. There are very few people who are editorially astute and who have a penchant to learn

about business. Murdoch is the best."

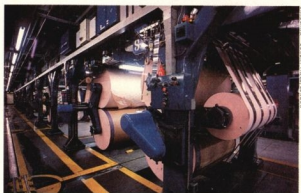
Even Murdoch, however, must turn to others for help in buying magazines and TV stations. Because he refuses to raise capital by issuing enough shares to dilute his control of News Corp., Murdoch finances most of his acquisitions through the sale of assets and by borrowing. The company's current debt is \$4.7 billion, and annual interest payments amount to more than \$600 million. But Murdoch's publishing ventures generate a large enough cash flow—\$1.2 billion last year—to cover the interest payments. Murdoch was one of the first to recognize that me-



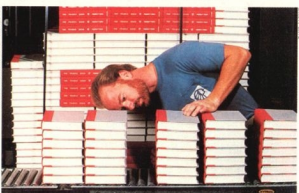
New acquisition: editors at *TV Guide* review a future issue



Taping *A Current Affair*: the Fox network is struggling



The presses roll at London's prestigious *Sunday Times*



Checking copies of an upcoming book from Harper & Row

computerized capsule reviews, which would greatly simplify starting up a similar European guide.

No one is betting against Murdoch's global vision because the media magnate controls such an effective power base. News Corp. earned \$560 million on \$3.5 billion in revenues in 1987. Yet Murdoch can run the huge corporation like a family firm because he and his relatives own half its shares. And that is not going to change anytime soon. News Corp. has issued very few new shares since 1954. Besides, with no more than 40 corporate staffers, News Corp. is so lean that Murdoch can strike his targets quickly. He and Annenberg first talked about a deal over lunch at the Triangle publisher's home on July 9; they announced their agreement less than four weeks later.

EXPANDING EMPIRE

Assets in billions

	Television and Film	\$3.7
	Magazines and Books	\$3.1
	Newspapers	\$3.0
	Other Printing plants, sheep farms, an airline, real estate, etc.	\$3.2
TOTAL Including Triangle		\$13.0

dia companies, which are traditionally asset poor but cash rich, have been tremendously undervalued by the market, observes Analyst Tony Pennie of James Capel, a London-based investment firm. Says he: "That's why Murdoch often pays prices that would frighten other people."

Still, the Triangle purchase will not be easy. Concerned about the ability of News Corp. to repay debt if an economic downturn hits, Murdoch's creditors have so far promised to loan him only half the \$3 billion needed. Of the remaining \$1.5 billion, some \$320 million will come from the sale of an office building in Los Angeles and \$200 million from undeveloped real estate. Also, Murdoch has announced plans to raise up to \$200 million by selling his 6.8% voting share in Reuters, the international information ser-

Economy & Business

vice. Under Reuters' bylaws, however, he cannot do so without the permission of the news wire's other major stockholders, many of whom are Murdoch's British newspaper rivals. Even if he clears that obstacle, he will still be looking for nearly \$800 million in cash.

While Murdoch works to raise the money, he faces difficulties in several established parts of his empire. In Britain, the *Times's* efforts to break the 500,000-circulation barrier have been frustrated by its rival the *Independent*, a popular newcomer to London's quality-newspaper market that is selling 378,000 copies a day. Murdoch's middle-market tabloid *Today* has grown by 33% since he acquired it in 1987 but has not gained much ground against larger, more established competitors, such as the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*. Although Murdoch owns a 20.5% stake in Pearson, the British publisher of the *Financial Times*, he has reportedly proved unsuccessful in persuading the company to form a joint venture with him to compete more directly with the *Wall Street Journal*.

Far more serious are the growing pains in the television arm of News Corp. The Fox network posted an \$85 million loss last year, \$40 million more than anticipated. Some programs, such as *The Tracy Ullman Show* and *21 Jump Street*, have received critical acclaim, but others, like *A Current Affair*, which reports sensational news, amount to tabloid TV. So far, Fox has captured no more than 4% of the U.S. television audience, vs. an average of about 20% for each of the three established networks. In Europe, News Corp. expects at least \$200 million in losses from Sky Channel next year.

For all the challenges Murdoch faces, few media experts believe he is anywhere near his Waterloo. "He's backed around the world by some very good assets and by very good cash flow," Analyst Pennie points out. Furthermore, payments on at least 70% of his debt are either fixed or capped, so that if interest rates go up, as expected, his loan costs will not increase proportionately. Says Pennie: "He comes across very much as a high roller, but the risks are very calculated."

Where will Murdoch go next? Insiders say he keeps a wish list of some 25 companies that he would like to acquire. Although it will take time to digest Triangle, Ken Noble, a media analyst at Paine Webber, thinks Murdoch might have his eye on firms in Canada, with which he has few ties. Numerous U.S. publishers, however, remain on "Rupert alert," cutting costs and laying off employees. The day of the global media empire is coming, says Allen Neuharth, chairman of the Gannett newspaper chain, "and Murdoch is well positioned." The most successful gamblers know when to quit. But that day seems unlikely to dawn anytime soon for Rupert Murdoch.

—By Christine Gorman.
Reported by Peter Shaw/London and Martha Smilgis/New York

Trying to Halt Inflation's Charge

Greenspan's Fed hikes interest rates to keep growth under control

When Alan Greenspan became chairman of the Federal Reserve Board a year ago, no one expected him to behave like a blindly loyal servant of the Republican Party. But some skeptics feared that his long-standing ties to the G.O.P. would make him loath to hurt Republican chances during a presidential campaign by raising interest rates, even if such a move seemed necessary.

Last week Greenspan proved those critics dead wrong. In an effort to keep inflation at bay, the Fed raised its discount rate from 6% to 6.5%. That bellwether interest rate, which the central bank charges on loans to financial institutions, now stands at its highest level in two years. Says Robert Hormats, vice chair-

man of the month, a sign of strong growth. One other worrisome sign appeared last week, when the Government reported that wholesale prices rose at an annual rate of 5.7% in July, up from a 2.2% rise in 1987.

Many economists share the Fed's view that inflationary pressures are building. Paul Getman, director of financial services at the WEFA Group, an economic consulting firm based in Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., predicts that within the next six months consumer prices will rise by as much as a 6% annual rate, compared with last year's 4.4%. But others voice concern that the hike in the discount rate could damage the economy. Democratic Senator James Sasser of Tennessee is concerned that higher interest rates could



man of the Goldman Sachs International investment house: "The increase, announced just a week before the Republican Convention, puts to rest any doubt about Greenspan's independence."

Major banks followed the Fed's lead. By week's end the prime lending rate for business borrowers rose from 9.5% to 10%, a three-year high. The rate hike was poison for the stock market: the Dow Jones industrial average fell 73.26 points in two days after the central bank announcement and closed on Friday at 2037.52, down 81.61 for the week.

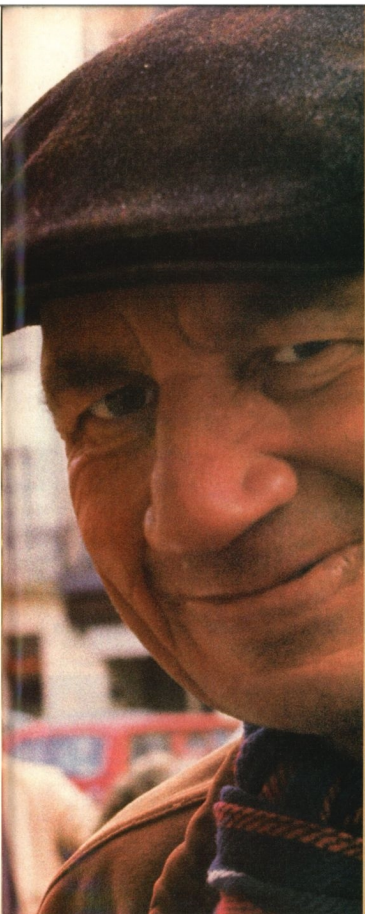
The Fed Chairman and his five fellow board members boosted the discount rate because they feared that the economy might be overheated enough to speed up the pace of inflation. The Fed became particularly concerned a week and a half ago, when a new employment report was released. While it showed that the unemployment rate climbed from 5.3% to 5.4% during July, largely because of a surge in the number of teenagers entering the work force, the figures also indicated that the economy had created 283,000 jobs in

strengthen the dollar and widen the trade deficit. A rising dollar tends to make U.S. exports less attractive to overseas consumers at the same time that imports become less expensive for American buyers.

The jump in the discount rate did give a short-term boost to the dollar. In one day, the value of the greenback jumped from 1.90 West German marks to 1.92, its highest level in 18 months. But by week's end foreign-exchange traders sold dollars and drove the value of the currency back down. They calculated that U.S. trading partners might intervene to prevent the U.S. currency from rising too far.

The Fed apparently decided to boost the discount rate now because board members know that it is best to cool an economy in the early stages of overheating. If growth gets out of hand and inflation soars, drastic measures—sudden and steep jumps in interest rates—might be needed to get prices under control. Greenspan and his colleagues want to avoid that at all costs.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Wayne Svoboda/New York



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Do Champagne and Luggage Mix?

The union of Moët and Vuitton goes through a shake-up

In corporate terms, it is the equivalent of a high-society marriage that has unexpectedly turned up in the gossip columns. Moët-Hennessy, the esteemed producer of champagne, Cognac and perfume, agreed in June 1987 to merge with Louis Vuitton, the equally upscale maker of luggage and handbags bearing the distinctive LV trademark. After the deal was signed, the top executives of the two French firms raised champagne glasses to toast their new creation, LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton, one of the world's largest luxury-goods conglomerates.



ates (projected 1988 revenues: \$2.6 billion).

But no sooner had the company been formed than a struggle for control broke out between Chairman Alain Chevalier, 56, who had been head of Moët-Hennessy, and Vice Chairman Henry Racamier, 76, former chief executive of Louis Vuitton. At times the dispute has threatened the viability of the merger. "When there is a crisis in marriage," said Chevalier, "either you get divorced or you put the pieces back together."

Now the two sides hope they have found a way to save the marriage. Chevalier and Racamier have agreed to turn control of Moët Vuitton over to a newly formed twelve-member supervisory board consisting mainly of major investors in the company. To run day-to-day operations, the supervisory board will appoint a

management committee of up to seven members that will include both Chevalier and Racamier. The old titles of chairman and vice chairman will be done away with, and the two men will have an equal voice in management.

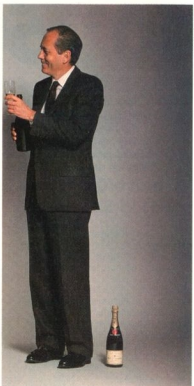
Shareholders are expected to approve the management shuffle next month. "We're looking forward to getting back to business in a new atmosphere of peace," says a company spokesman. But there is no guarantee that rule by committee will ensure tranquillity. "Unless they finally work out their problems," notes Michelle Proud, an analyst with London's County NatWest Securities, "this couple could find their marriage is on the rocks."

The tension between two of France's most successful—and strong-willed—

Will this continue? In happier days, Moët Vuitton Vice Chairman Henry Racamier and Chairman Alain Chevalier lift a glass of bubbly. Moët, of course.

business leaders was probably inevitable. Chevalier is a dapper former steel executive who arranged the original merger of the Moët champagne concern with the Hennessy Cognac empire in 1971. Under the reorganization plan, he will continue to represent the interests of the Moët, Hennessy and related families, which together control 20% of the company. Racamier, another former steel executive, will speak for the Vuitton interests, which control 30% of the merged firm. Married to a Vuitton heiress, Racamier led the concern for the previous decade and propelled sales from less than \$15 million in 1977 to more than \$380 million in 1987. He engineered Vuitton's purchase of Veuve Clicquot champagne and Givenchy perfumes in March 1987, and last June agreed to acquire Givenchy fashions this fall. From the start, Chevalier and Racamier had trouble accepting the notion of a true merger of their companies. Each man continued to maintain a personal fiefdom, with separate corporate staffs, public relations departments and financial advisers. Then, last May, heavy trading in Moët Vuitton shares on the Paris Bourse signaled that the company would be vulnerable to a takeover attempt. Chevalier responded to the threat by calling on a friend, Anthony Tennant, president of Guinness PLC, the powerful British drinks group that markets Moët-Hennessy brands around the globe. Guinness was asked to take a 20% stake in Moët Vuitton as anti-takeover insurance. Racamier opposed the alliance, fearing that it would jeopardize Vuitton's independence. "I had no objections to Guinness taking a moderate stake," he says, "but not as much as 20%."

In June, Racamier began to grumble publicly about competing corporate cultures within Moët Vuitton. He expressed fears about the marketing of Cognac and champagne, some of which is sold through "mass distribution in supermarkets," would "contaminate" Vuitton's upper-crust image. To balance Chevalier's move toward Guinness, Racamier then made overtures to his own outside investor: Bernard Arnault, 39, whose group, Financière Agache, controls the Christian Lacroix and Dior fashion houses. Following protracted negotiations, Agache and Guinness took a joint 24% stake in Moët Vuitton, with Agache holding the lion's share of the investment. Arnault, who is expected to sit on the Moët Vuitton management



committee, plans to increase that stake to 30%.

Through all the turmoil, Moët Vuitton has built an impressive sales record. Revenues for the first six months of 1988 were \$1.2 billion, a 29% increase over the same period last year. Luggage sales rose 58%, wines and spirits 53%. Moreover, the company has ambitious expansion plans. Vuitton expects to introduce new pens, watches and silk scarves in the fall, and its Givenchy-perfume subsidiary is redefining a line of health-care and makeup products. Moët intends to market moderately priced sparkling wines in Spain and Australia. As such projects unfold, Moët Vuitton's enormous growth potential may provide Chevalier and Racamier just enough incentive to keep their company together. —By Adam Zagorin/Paris

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CROPS

From Bad To Worse

When the Agriculture Department released its first estimate of drought damage last month, the news was grim. But when an updated outlook was released last week, the figures were even worse. The Government forecast that the year's corn harvest will reach only 4.48 billion bu., down 37% from last year. A month ago, the decline was pegged at 26%. The estimate of the wheat harvest, down 13% for the year, is virtually unchanged from July, but the soybean crop is looking far more stunted than it did a month ago. Production may total just 1.47 billion bu., off 23% from last year. The Government had previously expected a 13% shortfall.

Such a discouraging report might have caused grain futures to surge at the Chicago Board of Trade, but traders expected the worst and took the news in stride. Prices for corn and soybeans actually fell slightly the day after the report was released. Still, prices were far higher than before the drought got bad. Soybeans sold for \$8.50 per bu., up from \$6.92 in May, and corn was \$2.87 per bu., compared with \$2.02 three months ago.

As disheartening as the federal crop estimates are, they may prove too optimistic, says Conrad Leslie, a private crop forecaster. He puts the corn

crop at less than 4 billion bu. and soybeans at 1.4 billion bu. Says he: "This is the worst drought of the century."

SCANDALS

Inside Business Week

Even as investigators uncovered case after case of insider trading based on advance copies of *Business Week*, editors of the McGraw-Hill magazine hoped that no company employee would be implicated. But last week the scandal struck home: *Business Week* announced that S.G. ("Rudy") Ruderman, who had broadcast radio reports for the publication for seven years, may have illegally traded stocks mentioned in the "Inside Wall Street" column before the magazine hit the newsstands. The New York Stock Exchange had alerted *Business Week* to suspicious trades that Ruderman allegedly made this year.

Since the 62-year-old broadcast editor had violated the magazine's ethical code by not disclosing all his stock holdings, he was fired. The dismissal came one day after the Government filed criminal charges against William Dillon, a former Merrill Lynch broker, for trading stocks based on information in advance copies of *Business Week* that he allegedly bought at a printing plant for \$20 to \$30 each.

CONTRACTS

Caught in a Holding Pattern

Did IBM and the Federal Aviation Administration play fair when the company won a \$3.6 billion contract to upgrade the computers in the U.S. air-traffic-control system? No way, according to losing bidder Hughes Aircraft, which last week persuaded the General Services Administration to suspend the contract pending an investigation.

Hughes, a subsidiary of General Motors, contends that its proposal was technically superior but that it lost out because the FAA gave IBM "preferential treatment" that helped the firm submit an unfair lower bid. For one thing, Hughes says, it was not informed by the agency of changes in specifications that favored IBM. The complaint also focuses on the fact that if Hughes had won, it was going to buy many of the necessary computers from IBM. Hughes says that in preparing its bid, it received inflated cost estimates from IBM on equipment needed from the computer maker. According to Hughes, while IBM said it would charge the GM unit \$223 million for spare parts, Big Blue's own bid to the FAA placed the cost for those same spare parts at \$11 million. IBM called the Hughes charges baseless.

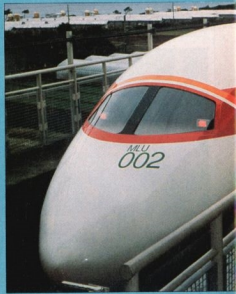
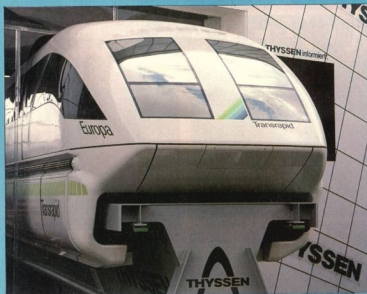
The GSA may need as long as 45 days to make a decision.

Its options range from reinstating the IBM contract to throwing it out. The delay has drawn criticism from the FAA, which is eager to start overhauling its antiquated air-traffic-control system.

TRADE

The Old Sod In a 12-Lb. Box

Ireland's newest intended export to the U.S. may not have the sparkle of Waterford crystal or the rich flavor of Guinness Stout, but it sure is earthy. The product is peat, the decayed moss that the Irish have traditionally harvested from the bottom of bogs and burned for heat and in cooking. The Irish Turf Board said last week that sometime this fall it aims to start selling briquettes of the material—packed in shamrock-adorned cardboard boxes containing twelve lbs. each—in U.S. supermarkets. Ireland's peat harvesters hope the carton of sod will be a popular souvenir item among the 44 million Americans of Irish descent. John Foley, the Turf Board's marketing manager, envisions Americans burning peat on Christmas and St. Patrick's Day. Says he: "There is a market in the U.S., but not as an everyday product." Since not everyone relishes the aroma of burning bog, the peat is unlikely to replace mesquite as the grill-fuel of choice in trendy restaurants.



Technology

Floating Trains: What a Way to Go!

Japan and West Germany are in a race with rival high-speed maglevs

Viewed head on and from a distance, the train of the future looks like an overgrown bobsled on stilts. As it approaches on its track, 23 ft. above the ground, it fails almost all the tests of recognition: there are no engines, no wheels, no rails. Most astonishing of all, there is no clatter, no rumble, no screech. As the train hurtles by, there is only a vast whoosh, the sound of air being parted by a vehicle traveling at close to 300 m.p.h.

The new train is called a maglev, a contraction of magnetic levitation. The vehicle lacks that litany of trainlike properties because it floats in the air, supported by the force of immensely powerful magnets. Instead of rolling on rails, it actually flies, using magnets for propulsion. Unhindered by any friction except wind resistance, the maglev can attain speeds unheard of in ordinary land travel—the fastest conventional train, France's TGV (*train à grande vitesse*), hits only 186 m.p.h. One maglev is already running: a short, slow-moving (25 m.p.h.) line in Britain that shuttles people from Birmingham's airport to the railway station. But much faster prototypes are being tested, and ambitious projects could get under way next year, including a 230-mile link between the Los Angeles area and the gambling mecca of Las Vegas.

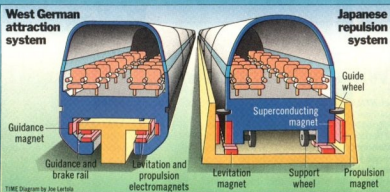
If maglev trains do indeed get off the tracks by the 1990s, as their builders claim, they will be bound for imminent glory. Seldom has a new leap in technology been as sorely needed. Major air-travel arteries in Europe, the U.S. and Japan are clogging up so badly so fast that the clean, fast and efficient maglev could prove to be their salvation. Not surprisingly, the race to get the maglev to the market has turned into a sprint. Equally unsurprising are the contestants: West Germany and Japan.

There is more than just sporting interest in the rivalry. Although both countries are working on maglevs, their designs are so fundamentally different that victory for one or the other could have profound implications for a whole area of technological development. Japan Railways Group (JR), the leader in the Japanese development, uses a design that relies on magnets made with superconductors, the extraordinary materials that carry electrical currents without resistance. The West German model, known as the Transrapid and built by a consortium that includes Thyssen Henschel, Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm and Krauss Maffei, uses conventional electromagnets. The West Germans stopped using superconductors in 1979, convinced that the technology was out of reach. Thus, if the Japanese

can get their design into marketable shape soon, they could build a lead in the vital field of superconductors and establish a strong grip on the future of high-speed long-distance train travel.

Another major difference between the two designs is the way the trains levitate. As Manfred Wackers, chief systems analyst for Thyssen's team, puts it, "Our system is attractive. Theirs is repulsive." Meaning: the two systems use opposite ends of the magnet to lift off. In the West German model, winglike flaps extend beneath the train and fold under a T-shaped guideway. Electromagnets in the guideway are activated by a distant control station, their polarity opposite that of electromagnets in the wings. Because of the attraction between the poles, the magnets in the guideway pull on the magnets in the wings, lifting the train $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

The Japanese maglev sits in a low, troughlike guideway, paved with two rows of metal boxes containing aluminum coils. Built into the car's undercarriage are six superconducting electromagnets. When one of them passes over an unmagnetized coil, a current—and an accompanying magnetic field—is induced in the coil. The magnetic field in the track has the same polarity as the electromagnet and, since like poles repel, the train levi-



The race to levitate: West Germany's Transrapid could be hurtling across Europe and the U.S. in the 1990s at 300 m.p.h. The Japanese MLU 002 prototype is perhaps five years behind in development but uses high-tech, low-temperature superconducting magnets

tates off the guideway. As the electromagnet moves faster and faster over the coils, the magnetic force becomes more powerful, raising the car to its cruising height of 4½ in. Until the train is moving fast enough to lift off, it rolls on wheels that retract as soon as the maglev hits 106 m.p.h.

The method of propulsion is basically similar in the two systems. In both cases the train effectively rides on an electromagnetic wave. Alternating the current in a set of magnets in the guideway changes their polarity and thus the way they interact with the magnets on the train. As a result, the train is alternately pushed and pulled along. Raising the frequency of the current speeds up the movement. Says Kenji Fujie, chief engineer of JR's maglev laboratory: "We can run it beyond 1,000 k.p.h. [620 m.p.h.], theoretically."

Theoretically, yes. Right now, however, the Japanese decision to rely on superconductors has put them well behind the Germans in development. Reason: commercially feasible superconductors can now be used only at extremely low temperatures. The Japanese magnets must be chilled to -452° F before they achieve perfect conductivity. Turning the thermostat that low requires costly liquid helium and heavy compressors aboard the train to reliquify the evaporating helium. The Japanese, who have poured \$379 million of private and government funds into the maglev, have reached a speed of 323 m.p.h. on a 4.4-mile straight track at Miyazaki on the southern island of Kyushu. But the track has none of the loops and sharp curves found along real railways. It will probably be at least five years before the Japanese develop a model that is both economic and practical enough to be commercially viable. Yet the Japanese take a typically long-term view. Says Fu-

jie: "We firmly believe that our system is the most promising one for the next century and beyond."

That confidence will have to be serene to carry the Japanese through what looks to be years of headlines and television coverage for the West Germans. Their Transrapid program, which has consumed more than \$830 million of public funds, is readying its final prototype, the TR-07, for tests on a 20-mile track with loops at both ends at Lathen, near the Dutch border. A previous model, the TR-06, has already run the straightaway at 256 m.p.h.; the TR-07 is designed to reach 300 m.p.h. Most impressive of all, though, is the Transrapid consortium's push to break ground on two major projects, the Los Angeles-Las Vegas link and a 95-mile Hamburg-Hannover line.

The more certain project for the moment is the Hamburg-Hannover line, which the West German government committed itself to building last June, with operation scheduled for the mid-1990s. The track is planned as the first segment of a 600-mile Kiel-Munich line, but not all systems are go yet. Some politicians and many citizens remain unconvinced that the \$1.8 billion needed for the first segment will be money well spent, especially with \$1.35 billion already allocated for a high-speed conventional-railway project called the Inter-City Experimental. Transrapid supporters, however, do not think the choice between conventional trains and maglevs should be an either-or one. Says one maglev enthusiast, Heinz Riesenhuber, Minister of Research and Technology: "Sailing ships were improved greatly in the past century, but at the same time steamship development went along and suddenly

completely overtook sailing ships. That is how it will be with the Transrapid."

A decision on the Los Angeles-Las Vegas line is due in 1989, when a 16-member commission will announce whether Transrapid or a conventional rail builder will receive the contract for the fast track to the gaming tables. No American company is expected to submit a maglev plan. Although the U.S. had a maglev project under way until 1975, federal austerity measures turned off the electromagnets. At least one politician, Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, wants funding for research resumed, but congressional action is not expected before next year.

Despite the absence of a homegrown maglev, enthusiasm in the U.S. is running high for the Transrapid, which would cut travel time between Los Angeles and Las Vegas from five hours by car to 70 minutes by train. Ironically, the Japanese trading company C. Itoh & Co. has pledged to help arrange the \$2.5 billion in financing that the West Germans would need to build the California-to-Nevada link. Reason: C. Itoh is Transrapid's agent in Japan and is pondering the possibility of building that system at home.

Even if Transrapid is not awarded the casino-express contract, maglev technology is already on its way to the U.S. Magnetic Transit of America, a subsidiary of West Germany's Daimler-Benz, broke ground in downtown Las Vegas last January for a slower-speed—50 m.p.h.—maglev urban-transit system. Completion of the initial 1.3-mile segment of the Las Vegas People Mover is planned for 1991—perhaps a good year for dating the beginning of the maglev era. —By Daniel Benjamin.

Reported by James O. Jackson/Born and Seichi Kanise/Tokyo

Religion

Will Anglicanism Muddle Through?

A major body of Christians copes with growing diversity

As the great organ thundered beneath the medieval arches of England's Canterbury Cathedral, 525 bishops last week joined in a sung Eucharist to conclude the Lambeth Conference, the once-a-decade meeting of the international Anglican hierarchy. The bishops' matching robes of red, white and black gave a superficial impression of unity, as did the compromise measures they had enacted. "Some thought this conference was impossible. Reason and experience suggested we would fall apart. But by keeping our eyes on the Lord, we have not sunk," said a relieved Archbishop of Canterbury Robert Runcie, the Anglicans' spiritual leader.

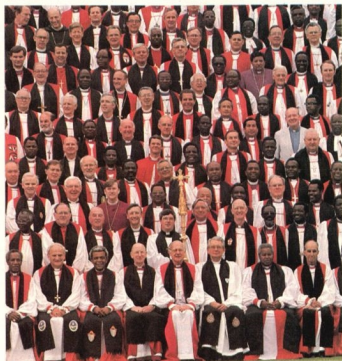
Though the latest Lambeth Conference (named after the Archbishop's palace in London) did not sink, there is rough water ahead for the Anglican Communion, with its 60 million believers. Vast cultural differences are straining the customary tolerance within this family of 27 self-governing branches, which span 164 countries. One sign of this diversity was the simultaneous translation of Lambeth sessions into French, Spanish, Japanese and Swahili. Among the current areas of conflict: doctrine, liturgy, ecumenical relations, abortion, divorce, polygamy, homosexuality and violent revolution.

Most divisive of all is the place of women. While the Episcopal Church in the U.S. and Anglicans in Canada and New Zealand have ordained 1,257 women priests since the 1970s, much of Anglicanism is not ready for that step and refuses to recognize the ordained women. Such an encroachment of women's lib upon church doctrine is positively "satanic," declared a bishop from Melanesia, where women do not even dine with men.

Despite such resistance, the more liberal Anglican branches are now determined to go beyond women priests and consecrate women as bishops. The opposition to this step is formidable: 40% of the conference voted in favor of an Australian motion to stall elections of women bishops. Nonetheless, facing up to the in-

evitable, the meeting decided to let each branch do as it pleases and then directed Runcie to appoint a commission to deal with the resulting disputes.

The aggressive U.S. delegation, which held a disproportionate 25% of the voting power (though it represents only 4% of the world's Anglicans), worked fervently to promote the women's cause. Dozens of



Bishops from scores of nations pose in a formal Lambeth portrait

"Reason and experience suggested we would fall apart."

Americans and Canadians refused to celebrate Communion services while in England, where women are not allowed to serve as priests. Nan Peete of Indianapolis became the first female priest to address a Lambeth session and won a standing ovation, from half the audience, for her eloquent words. "In a world that rejected me and denied me my humanity based on my race," said Peete, who is black, "the church was the place I turned for sanctuary." Now, she added, feelings of rejection "come back when I am not accepted as a priest, this time because of my sex."

Bishops from the fast-growing Anglican churches in Africa and Asia had differing views on women but united to confront the West on other issues. The most striking example was a decision to end long-standing church teaching against the

baptism of polygamists. The Africans said the traditional stand cruelly forced converts to abandon their plural wives. Now converts in polygamous societies will be allowed to keep their wives if they forswear further marriages.

With some Western opposition but fervent African backing, Lambeth also reaffirmed that sex should be confined within a "permanent married relationship." When an American proposed toleration of homosexuals, Kenya's Primate, Manasses Kuria, declared, "To support people who continue in sin and help them, only not to be infected with the disease AIDS—that is not the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

The Africans, including Archbishop Desmond Tutu, persuaded Lambeth to express an "understanding" attitude toward those who, after exhausting other means, "choose the way of the armed struggle as the only way to justice." That statement, obviously aimed at white-ruled southern Africa, provoked outrage in Britain, where I.R.A. terrorists had just bombed their latest victims. The meeting hastily worked up a second resolution condemning Irish terrorism on all sides.

The Anglicans' innovations regarding women will make reunion negotiations with Roman Catholicism and Eastern Orthodoxy more difficult, but the more immediate problem is the preservation of Anglican unity. Bishop of London Graham Leonard, who leads the international opposition to women's ordination, underscored that threat by announcing that he will refuse to recognize

any woman bishop or maintain fellowship with any bishop who consecrates one. Others no doubt will follow suit.

On many issues, Leonard sees a great divide "between those who accept that the faith is revealed and given, to which we have to listen and obey, and those who think that it is capable of being modified to meet the culture and situation of each generation." But an outright schism does not appear likely. Instead, Leonard is proposing that the Anglican Communion dissolve into a "federation" of churches that have a shared ethos and background but also "profound differences." It is unclear what that would mean for the next Lambeth Conference, scheduled to be held in 1998 by a new Archbishop of Canterbury.

—By Richard N. Ostling,
Reported by Helen Gibson/London

Theater



Twelfth Night with Schultz, right, as Feste: speaking volumes for the afflicted

The Bard in Neon and Doublets

Canada's Stratford Festival thrives on lively risk taking

The biggest resident theater company in North America is not to be found in New York City, Los Angeles or Chicago. Nor, as stage cognoscenti might suppose, is it in a thriving regional center like Minneapolis, home of the Guthrie, or a festive city like Ashland, site of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival. The champion—as measured cumulatively by number of productions and performances, size of troupe, total audience and budget—is located in an unpretentious town in the Canadian province of Ontario, about 90 miles from the skyscrapers of Toronto. It is a place that began with scarcely any claim to cultural status, except that it was called Stratford, and its river was dubbed the Avon.

From that flimsy association with the Bard, and a lot of local mercantile hustle, emerged a 1953 season performed in a tent, with a rotating repertory of *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Richard III*, featuring Alec Guinness, already an established film star, in the title role. Thirty-five years later, the Stratford Festival has three theaters, seating a total of 3,870 people, and its repertory sometimes offers as many as six different shows on the same day, a dozen within a single week. Guinness has been followed by Tony Winner Brian Bedford, two-time Oscar Winner Maggie Smith and last year, Oscar Nominee Howard E. Rollins Jr. (*Ragtime*) as Othello.

But, for the most part, the performers are not stars, and the attraction that draws some 450,000 theatergoers a year—about 45% of

them from the U.S.—is the shows themselves. The staging can be as traditional as a *Richard III* in doublets and armor or as giddily updated as *The Taming of the Shrew* transported to 1950s Italy. Shakespeare, which makes up at least half the schedule, can be complemented by the sober heft of T.S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* or spritzed with *My Fair Lady* in an ingeniously extravagant production that bejewels the stage with chandeliers, dinner jackets and hats. *Oedipus* can

share the schedule with *The Three Musketeers* and *Irma la Douce*.

Institutionally, Stratford has never been healthier. The \$2.5 million deficit brought about by the last administration has been converted under John Neville, artistic director since 1985, to a projected \$820,000 surplus this season. The old era's often staid and unimaginative productions—typified by a dusty *Twelfth Night* and a ranting *King Lear* that toured the U.S. in 1985—have been supplanted by lively, risk-taking efforts, including innovative versions of *Twelfth Night* and *King Lear*, which are highlights of this year's offerings. Although the search has dragged on for more than a year to replace Neville, 63, who plans to retire after next season, the process has not yet been encumbered by the kind of vehement nationalism that blighted previous selections. When Briton John Dexter, a Tony winner for directing, was approached for the job in 1980, Canada's government at first denied him a work permit, and then a public outcry scuttled the idea.

Stratford's renewed popularity is easy to understand. At the least, the work is sturdily professional. At its best, it rivals the general run of offerings by Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company. Last season Neville chose many of the plays to underscore the evils of war. This season, 35 years after the opening, the theme is more one of nostalgia for the festival's history. Of the Shakespeares, the splashiest is *Richard III*, performed by a sword-wishing cast of 51. There is nothing revisionist in Brian Rintoul's staging or in Colm Feore's cackling skitter through the title role. This is a bottled spider of a king who unmistakably enjoys his wickedness, at least until a chillingly effective dream sequence in which his victims haunt him before his final battle.

Feore's charm works equally well in the clownish *Shrew*, a slapstick rendering that does no violence to the text, while interjecting motorcycles, neon signs and gawking tourists to emphasize the eternal nature of the battle of the sexes. Unfortunately, Director Richard Monette is better at diverting audiences from the play's central question—How far does a husband's authority extend?—than at illuminating it. The play can be staged as a feminist screed or a male-chauvinist tract. What it does not seem to be is neutral, yet that is what Monette appears to attempt. His case is not helped by Goldie Semple, who, in the title role, roars onto the stage as though deranged, more in need of a whip and a chair than a spouse.

Among non-Shakespearean offerings, *The Three Musketeers* is a pure romp, about as close as a work of art can come to having no inner meaning or subtext, and *My Fair*



Feore and Semple in the giddily updated *Shrew*

Marking 35 years, a theme of nostalgia.

Lady is a splendid showcase for the company's senior talents, including Douglas Campbell as a deliciously dirty Doolittle and Neville himself in the Rex Harrison role of Higgins. In his early career, Neville was considered one of London's leading young men: he and Richard Burton alternated as Iago and Othello in the West End in 1956. This coming Christmas season, after years away from high-profile acting, Neville returns to stardom in a new film, *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, directed by erstwhile Monty Python Member Terry Gilliam (*Brazil*).

Part of the reason for Neville's success is that he has, in effect, a second artistic director, Robin Phillips, who headed Stratford from 1975 to 1980 and returned two years ago to run an autonomous ensemble of actors in their mid-20s to mid-30s at the festival's third stage. That group provided the most powerful work last season and is aglow again. *Twelfth Night* has as fanciful a plot as any Shakespeare comedy, but its emotional texture is among the most realistic. Phillips has found that honesty, alas at the wholesale expense of the play's comic scenes of slapstick and artifice. The production's most striking touch is the performance of the clownish Feste by Albert Schultz, the young company's ablest member. This "fool" is highly intelligent but is treated as a sport, an entertainment, because he is afflicted with a palsy that lames one leg, curls one hand into a useless ball and convulses his face whenever he speaks. In a play in which everyone in sight winds up happily coupled forever after, Schultz's Feste mutely speaks volumes for the legions to whom romance seems eternally denied.

For *Lear*, the young players are joined by William Hutt, 68, perhaps Canada's most distinguished stage actor, in what may be the performance of his career. His king is no autocrat but a dotard whose authority has long been a polite fiction. His plans for dividing the kingdom are a surprise to no one; his daughters' resistance to his extravagant wanderings are no meanness but utter common sense in the face of senility; the brutality they eventually show is brought on by invasion and civil war, both instigated by their holier-than-thou sister. Hutt superbly manages Lear's transition from apparent lucidity to frank madness. In the most inspired moment of stage interpolation, his repeated demand as to whether the horses are ready comes as he is already bouncing, and dozing, in a horse-drawn coach.

Just such imagination, vividly expressed, is what brought Phillips the artistic directorship in 1975, when he was 32, and the same qualities made him the front runner to succeed Neville. According to highly placed sources at Stratford, the board's negotiations with Phillips have broken down, and there is some concern that, as a result, he may also eventually give up the young company. For the moment, however, the team of Neville and Phillips has made Stratford not only the biggest theater in North America but one of the very best.

—By William A. Henry III

Law

Reining In Abortions for Minors

Two courts issue conflicting decisions on parental notification

Since its earliest days, the Reagan Administration has made no secret of its desire to appoint federal judges who oppose abortion. Early last week that strategy paid off. In a 7-to-3 ruling, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit upheld a Minnesota law that requires women under 18 who want abortions to notify both parents or get approval from a judge. Six of the seven judges in the majority were Reagan appointees.

Four days later, however, a three-judge panel of the Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit declared that a similar law in Ohio was unconstitutional. If either

Minnesota or Ohio, he pointed out, do not live with both biological parents.

While the Ohio ruling offered pro-choice advocates some relief, they remained alarmed by the Minnesota decision and the prospect of future restrictive abortion rulings by Reagan appointees, who now constitute nearly half of all federal judges. "Even though the President was unable to ban abortions during his time in office, he has left behind a dangerous legacy in our courts," says Kate Michelman, executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League in Washington.



Mixed signals: women talking with a counselor at a Minneapolis clinic

of the conflicting decisions is taken to the Supreme Court, it will be a further test of the Administration's strategy. In his two terms, the President has designated three of the nine high-court Justices.

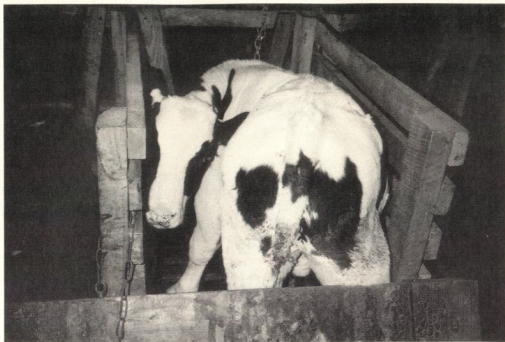
Half the states have parental-notification laws but most, like Ohio, have not enforced their statutes because of legal challenges. Of the ten states with such laws in force, only Minnesota requires notification of both parents, regardless of divorce, separation or desertion. Judge John Gibson of the Eighth Circuit, writing for the majority, rejected the argument that Minnesota's requirement would often add to family problems: "Although some parents may be abusive, or at best unhelpful to their minor child faced with the decision whether to have an abortion, that is hardly a reason to discard the pages of experience teaching that parents generally do act in their child's best interests."

In his dissent, Chief Judge Donald Lay observed that "there is more than a little irony" in the notion that requiring both parents to be notified promoted "family integrity." Some 42% of all Min-

nesota's unhappy with the Supreme Court, it will be a further test of the Administration's strategy. In his two terms, the President has designated three of the nine high-court Justices. Half the states have parental-notification laws but most, like Ohio, have not enforced their statutes because of legal challenges. Of the ten states with such laws in force, only Minnesota requires notification of both parents, regardless of divorce, separation or desertion. Judge John Gibson of the Eighth Circuit, writing for the majority, rejected the argument that Minnesota's requirement would often add to family problems: "Although some parents may be abusive, or at best unhelpful to their minor child faced with the decision whether to have an abortion, that is hardly a reason to discard the pages of experience teaching that parents generally do act in their child's best interests."

If the Minnesota ruling is appealed, it will be the first challenge to a parental-notification law to reach the high court with evidence about the law's actual effects on teenagers. In Minnesota the impact has been dramatic. In the nine years before the statute was enacted, the birthrate for girls 15 to 17 years old in Minneapolis increased 2%. Over the next five years, the rate leaped almost 51%—a strong signal that teenagers are finding it harder to choose abortion. —By Andrea Sachs. Reported by Marc Hequet/St. Paul and Wayne Svoboda/New York

Q: Why can't this veal calf walk?



A: He has only two feet.

Actually, less than two feet. Twenty two inches to be exact. His entire life is spent chained in a wooden box measuring only 22 inches wide and 56 inches long. The box is so small that the calf can't walk or even turn around.

Most people think animal abuse is illegal. It isn't. In veal factories, it's business as usual. "Milk-fed" veal is obtained by making a calf anemic. The calf is *not* fed mother's milk. He's fed an antibiotic laced formula that causes severe diarrhea. He must lie in his own excrement—choking on the ammonia gases. He's chained in a darkened building with hundreds of other baby calves suffering the same fate. They are immobilized, sick, and anemic.



Toxic Veal

The reckless use of oxytetracycline, mold inhibiting chemicals, chloramphenicol, neomycin, penicillin, and other drugs is not just bad for calves. It is toxic to you.

But doesn't the USDA prevent tainted veal from being sold? Absolutely not. The USDA itself admits that most veal is never checked for toxic residue.

Antibiotics in veal and other factory farm products create virulent strains of bacteria that wreak havoc on human health. *Salmonella* poisoning is reaching epidemic proportions.

Veal factories maximize profits for agribusiness drug companies because they are a breeding ground for disease. To keep calves alive under such torturous conditions, they are *continually* given drugs which can be passed on to customers.

It doesn't have to be this way. And with your help, it won't be. Please, don't buy veal!

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With the depressing of an electric button last week, the crowd of 39,008 roars, the owners bow to television, and the Cubs join the illuminati

Sport

Aweary of the Sun

As Wrigley Field lights up, a bright tradition dims

Trains are still the best conveyance for transporting a mood. Last week's destination was either the past or the future—Chicago anyway, Wrigley Field. After two or three switchyards, a traveler gets turned around, and the sensation is of highballing one way and the other, backward and forward, in time.

The pity with which the old fedora-wearing baseball writers beheld their fresh replacements always seemed to have to do with missing trains. Seeing the country roll by in thatches of shadows, hearing Babe Ruth call all the redcaps "Stinkweed," were trivial elements of the coverage but critical parts of the experience. Without day baseball and night Pullmans, Red Smith could never have written, "Frisch's homer was the longest in history. Frankie talked about it all the way from St. Louis to Boston."

But railroad tracks don't sing anymore. Sinatra barely sings anymore. The new sleeping compartments are capsules resembling John Glenn's old accommodations on exhibit in the Air and Space Museum (without the air and space). And all the ball clubs have long since flown away. Wrigley Field fell in line with the age last week, when, 53 years after the innovator (Cincinnati) and 40 years since the procrastinator (Detroit), the Cubs finally put in lights. That makes everyone.

The Governor isn't often present for the throwing of the switch, but this was an unusual sunset. Even the buildings across the street wore bunting. A World Series

supply of chroniclers from the American as well as the National League showed up to see the last-place Phillies oppose the fourth-place Cubs, whose proprietors said they had to give in to television and go incandescent or risk having to host every one of their postseason games in St. Louis. If any. The Cubs are 80 years between World Championships and pennantless since World War II.

Their longest-suffering fan, a hearty, hatchet-faced former tire dealer named Harry Grossman, 91, pushed the electric button. "Let there be light," he proclaimed in a biblical voice. The Cubs' holiest relics, Ernie Banks and Billy Williams, threw out first balls. Chicago's most sentimental pitcher, Rick Sutcliffe, took the mound. "It's like sunshine and Wrigley are saying goodbye to each other," he thought, though only eight night games are scheduled this season and just 18 a year for the calculable future. Looking hard at the Phillies' leadoff man, Phil Bradley, and straight into a light show of Instamatic flashes, Sutcliffe was struck by history—and Bradley.

A home run right off the bat: the perfect note played on a party horn. Then the bottom of the inning kept on that way, fast and farfetched. Mitch Webster singled and Ryne Sandberg was up. Out of the rightfield stands popped Morganna, the floppy exhibitionist with the unmissable kisser, racing for the batter's box on mincing old-ballplayer feet that

brought back the newsreels. She could make it past the security guards to Sandberg, but she got to him anyway. His gliding homer gave Chicago a 2-1 lead.

Later, an inning short of the official seal, poetry struck a final time, along with lightning. Funnels of dust that some took to be divine displeasure rose up and blanketed the infield, and two hours of rain flooded the tarpaulin and washed out the game. The sellout crowd of 39,008 ducked back under cover and took the time to really look at the old place in the night. The outfield wall, with its single vines and morning glories and spider webs, was humanely spared any hardware. The stanchions peek fairly unobtrusively over the shoulders of the stadium. The park, that is. Or that was.

To lighten the mood, by ones and threes the spryest fans took slides on the tarp, ultimately including a pretty girl in a pink dress. Making a case for lenient court fines, the Cubs took flying dives from their own stanchions, including the pitcher Les Lancaster, who happens to be on the disabled list at an appendectomy. It's actually a promising young team, and if Chicago does play over the next couple of summers, people may say it was the cooler August nights, maybe they will be right.

It makes no sense and does no good, lament little deteriorations on every summer. Constant comparisons with better days are illusory and unreliable. Enough to say we used to have Specter and Tracy and Katharine Hepburn and we have Michael Douglas and Cher. Nothing has been lessened at Wrigley Field, it is probably something small, certainly nothing to cry over, or a momentary feeling of letdown, like missing the train.

—By Tom Carlin

Books

The Shrink Has No Clothes

AGAINST THERAPY by Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson
Atheneum; 281 pages; \$18.95

Folklore has it that August is the time when all the shrinks go on vacation, leaving behind heat, humidity and the miasma of anxiety surrounding their patients. What are these abandoned psyches supposed to do for a whole month? This summer offers them a new option. They might pick up a copy of Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson's *Against Therapy*, turn to the preface and read the following: "This is a book about why I believe psychotherapy, of any kind, is wrong. Although I criticize many individual therapists and therapies, my main objective is to point out that the very idea of psychotherapy is wrong."

This is not the first time that Masson, a nonpracticing psychoanalyst, has published a book designed to drive mental-health professionals nuts. His *The Assault on Truth* (1984) attracted headlines and controversy with the charge that Sigmund Freud had fudged certain of his evidence and thereby left the whole foundation of psychoanalysis teetering. According to Masson, Freud had initially believed his female patients during the 1890s when they told him of being sexually abused, often by fathers or other relatives. But under strong pressure from a male colleague, and knowing how little his fellow Viennese cared to hear or to talk about incest, Freud later changed his mind: these women had not been molested or seduced; they had fantasized such experiences.

Masson harks back to this accusation fairly often in *Against Therapy*, but Freud is not specifically his target this time. Instead, the author is gunning for everyone who has ever had the gall to offer any sort of psychological treatment or aid to another person. His subtitle accurately indicates just how hyperventilating his argument is going to be: "Emotional Tyranny and the Myth of Psychological Healing." Readers looking for nuance or subtlety should probably go elsewhere. But Masson raises some intriguing points, even if he insists on doing so at the top of his voice. Psychotherapy is a big and largely unchallenged business in the U.S.; many of its practitioners wield considerable influence over personal lives and public policy. Once in a while, it does no harm to listen to an alarmist hollering that

some of those shrinks have no clothes.

Actually, Masson goes much further than this. "The therapeutic relationship," he writes, "always involves an imbalance of power. One person pays; the other receives. Vacations, time, duration of the sessions are all in the hands of one party. Only one person is thought to be an 'expert' in human relations and feelings. Only one person is thought to be in trouble." Well, one is tempted to say, yes indeed, that is the way it happens. Masson, however, is an absolutist; he is of the per-

suation that if something is not perfect it is terrible. This point of view rarely works well in the real world, but there are instances in which it can be helpful. And the author's point that the possibility for mischief is inherent in psychological counseling seems inarguable.

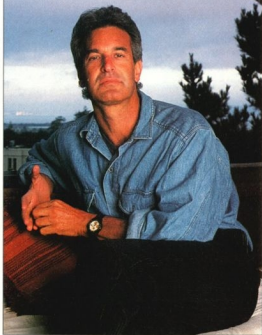
Masson readily admits that others have had this idea before him. In the early 1930s Sandor Ferenczi, a disciple of Freud's and an influential psychoanalyst, confessed his growing doubts about his profession to his diary, which has not yet been published in English. Masson quotes generously from this document, showing a poignant portrait of a man torn between increasingly rigid doctrine and what he saw with his senses: "We greet the patient in a friendly manner, make sure the transference will take, and while the patient lies there in misery, we sit comfortably in our armchair, quietly smoking a cigar." Ferenczi realized that worse things than indifference could grow out of this situation: "Analysis is an easy opportunity to carry out unconscious, purely selfish, unscrupulous, immoral, even criminal acts and a chance to act out such behavior guiltlessly."

Sure enough, Masson provides plenty of examples of abusive behavior on the part of psychotherapists, especially those who have access to patients in mental institutions. There is the case of John Rosen, whose "direct analysis" still receives attention in some textbooks even though he surrendered his medical license in 1983 rather than face charges by the Pennsylvania medical board. Rosen's specialty was the rough treatment of schizophrenics to gain their attention. And then there was D. Ewen Cameron (1901-67), a much lauded and honored psychiatrist who, at the behest of the CIA, used repeated electroshock treatments on a large number of hospital patients. Cameron's intent was to do research on brainwashing techniques; unfortunately, he never told his patients. Masson claims that the psychiatric profession was remarkably sanguine about this behavior when news of it finally surfaced, and he remains outraged: "Some psychiatrists might claim that what Cameron did is only an abuse of psychiatry. It is virtually impossible to find a practicing psychiatrist who can see that what Cameron did is the very purpose of psychiatry, that this is its use, not its abuse."

That is a slippery conclusion, in which Masson blames psychiatrists because they do not agree with him. Although the author's slash-and-burn style of argument can be entertaining, readers should

Excerpt

"I believe that therapy is never honest. This is not to say that all therapists are dishonest. Most are not. Most want to be helpful; but what they actually can offer, under the best of circumstances, falls far short of what they would like to offer. It cannot be otherwise. Because therapy depends for its existence on the postulate that the truth of a person's life can be uncovered in therapy, the therapist is rarely willing or able to acknowledge that the profession itself is fraudulent."





BUGLE BOY MEN

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Books

keep their hands on their wallets. Assertions tend to be sold as established facts. Masson writes, for example, that before psychotherapy begins, a "moral judgment" must be made that potential patients "are not living well, or as well as other people, and are therefore in need of 'help.' We often claim that the people seeking psychotherapy make this moral judgment on their own, but this is almost never true." Almost never true, that mentally or emotionally distressed people seek help voluntarily? For his thesis to be persuasive, Masson needs to establish the notion of a vast, coercive system for bringing people into line and, if that fails, storing them away in cruel institutions. But his proof, to put it mildly, is highly subjective.

Masson notes that people who have heard his ideas have asked with what he would replace psychotherapy. "In reply I would note that, as one feminist friend put it, nobody thinks of asking: What would you replace misogyny with? If something is bad, or flawed, or dangerous, it is enough if we expose it for what it is." This analogy does not work. If ill-treatment of women disappeared, the world would be a happier place; if psychotherapy in all its guises suddenly vanished, some severely deranged and dangerous folks would be walking about the streets. That would be O.K. with Masson, who several times states his opinion that mental institutions should be emptied and that "patients should not be incarcerated." In fact, Masson calls schizophrenia a "specious medical disease" and announces that "there is no such medical entity as mental illness."

Ultimately, *Against Therapy* amounts to an impassioned diatribe against the very idea of society. Masson does not make this animus particularly clear, but it surfaces occasionally, particularly in his concluding chapter: "Historically therapists have never been in the forefront of the struggle for social change. It is not in the interest of the profession to create conditions that would lead to the dissolution of psychotherapy." This is dime-store utopianism: people would not be unhappy anymore if the world were nicer. And Masson bristles at the notion of control: "Once we give *anybody* the right to decide who or what is normal and abnormal we have abdicated a fundamental intellectual responsibility (to repudiate the very idea of making such distinctions) and we should not be surprised when it is 'misused.'" But people who gather to live in groups have always made distinctions, rules that impinged on their freedom: this is acceptable; that is taboo. Existing together without a code of conduct seems unimaginable. Deciding what is normal behavior is an act everyone performs all the time. Masson would like to see the day when such judgments have gone the way of the dunking stool and the rack. But the course he would follow means not just the abolition of psychotherapy but of thinking as well.

—By Paul Gray

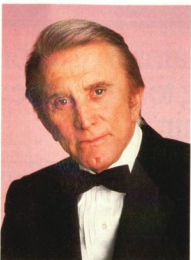
Buried Child

THE RAGMAN'S SON

by Kirk Douglas

Simon & Schuster; 510 pages; \$21.95

Herschel Danielovitch was an intimidating, alcoholic junk dealer who ignored his six daughters and his only son Issur. Then one night at their home in upstate New York, the boy splashed hot tea in the old man's face. The punishment was brutal, the reward immeasurable. "At that moment," Issur was to recall, "he knew I was alive. I have never done anything as brave in any movie."



The actor as author: trying to kill Issur

"I was always a son of a bitch."

One way or another, Kirk Douglas has been repeating that gesture most of his life. In this vigorous, anecdotal autobiography, the actor maintains that the clamorous spirit of Issur "has never left me. He is always somewhere within me, often out of sight, but never too far away... Often, I tried to kill him, but he never died." At St. Lawrence University, the ragman's son was the target of anti-Semites. He answered them by becoming a varsity wrestling champion, then running successfully for office. "The alumni were furious," Douglas remembers with perverse delight: "What's happening to SLU? A Jew boy president of the student body?"

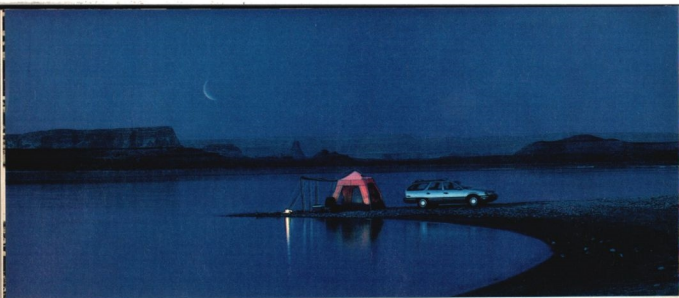
After a few undistinguished turns on Broadway, the male ingenue, now equipped with a marquee name, headed west. His wife and baby son Michael followed in his slipstream. In his first film, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, Barbara Stanwyck was indifferent to her co-star for several weeks. One morning her manner changed: "She said, 'Hey, you're pretty good.' I said, 'Too late, Miss Stanwyck.'"

His reputation for orneriness did not improve when he got divorced. Gene Tierney refused to greet him at her front door. "She would leave the window to her bedroom open, and I would climb in." His close relationship with Evelyn Keyes ended abruptly: "I don't know why. I was there one night, left early, and never went back." There was a brief dalliance with Marlene Dietrich, but she "seemed to love you much more if you were not well. When you became strong and healthy, she loved you less." Then there was Joan Crawford. "At dinner, she was glamorous and very attentive... We went back to her house. We never got past the foyer... Afterward, we got dressed. She took me upstairs and proudly showed me the two children—how they were strapped so tightly into their beds, how she diapered them so efficiently. It was so professional, clinical, lacking in warmth, like the sex we just had. I got out fast."

Douglas went on to consolidate his reputation as a heel, both onscreen (*Champion*, *Detective Story*) and off. "Now that you've got a big hit," Columnist Hedda Hopper once told him, "you've become a real son of a bitch." Douglas corrected her: "I was always a son of a bitch. You just never noticed before." He attempts to hold that title with a series of vengeful recollections. Douglas salutes Stanley Kubrick, then recalls that the director was willing to take full credit for the script of a blacklisted writer. John Huston was "one of the most talented men in the industry. But John could also be a charlatan." Henry Fonda was "a wonderful actor, but when I looked at him, I remembered him at that party years ago, snickering with his wife, talking the girl I had brought into dropping me, sneaking out the back door with Jimmy Stewart... How cruel of them. And how petty of me not to forget."

These salvos are endlessly diverting, but they represent the last tantrum of the buried child. Before the fade-out, Douglas acknowledges that his best roles were impersonations of moral stalwarts (*Lonely Are the Brave*, *Lust for Life*, *Paths of Glory*). And that despite his pose as a jut-jawed sinner, he has been trying to emulate those heroes for more than a generation. His production company is named Bryna in honor of his mother. He remarried and has stayed married for more than 30 years. He has helped all four sons to prosper in Hollywood, and none of them ever found it necessary to fling tea in his face. That may be the ultimate reward. For after some 75 pictures, three Oscar nominations, innumerable charity works and goodwill tours, and a Medal of Freedom from the President, the 71-year-old star is finally ready to cede the spotlight. As proof, he records a chance meeting with a beautiful admirer. "I suck in my gut, puff out my chest, slap a bicep. In a velvet voice, she says, 'Wow! Michael Douglas's father!'" Issur should live so long.

—By Stefan Kanfer



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Medicine

A Decoy for the Deadly AIDS Virus

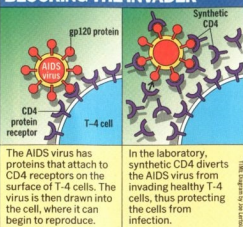
Human tests begin for a new genetically engineered drug

Of all the drugs so far developed for AIDS patients, the one called CD4 is unique: it is the first substance designed specifically to combat the human immunodeficiency virus, which causes AIDS. A synthetic copy of a natural protein, CD4 prevents the deadly virus from entering and infecting healthy cells. While it cannot destroy the invader, scientists hope that CD4 can neutralize its ability to attack the human immune system. Says Samuel Broder, a National Cancer Institute researcher who is a leader in AIDS drug development: "It is one of the most important steps we have ever been able to take."

Last week the National Cancer Institute began testing CD4 in AIDS patients. The arrival of CD4, which had been previously tested in mice and monkeys, marks the beginning of a promising new era in drug development. Scientists have traditionally stumbled onto treatments by testing existing substances for their therapeutic effects, as was the case with AZT, the only AIDS drug approved for widespread use by the Food and Drug Administration. But recent advances in the field of molecular biology have given researchers a clearer understanding of the most minute workings of the cell. This has enabled them to engineer structures that can disrupt the cycle of a disease at the molecular level.

Developed by South San Francisco's

BLOCKING THE INVADER



The AIDS virus has proteins that attach to CD4 receptors on the surface of T-4 cells. The virus is then drawn into the cell, where it can begin to reproduce.

In the laboratory, synthetic CD4 diverts the AIDS virus from invading healthy T-4 cells, thus protecting the cells from infection.

Genentech, Inc., the CD4 currently in clinical trials is a copy of a protein that is anchored in the surface of cells known as T-4 lymphocytes. These cells are a pillar of the immune system and a key target for the AIDS virus. Natural CD4 attracts gp120, a molecule on the surface of the AIDS virus. In the usual course of the disease, the virus uses the natural CD4 to attach itself to a T-4 cell, which it invades and ultimately destroys. Synthetic CD4, however, acts as a decoy by latching onto the AIDS virus and rendering it incapable of binding to T-4 cells—a process that a National Cancer Institute spokesman

likens to "putting putty all over a porcupine."

AIDS sufferers and their support groups have reacted enthusiastically to CD4, but researchers strongly caution against premature euphoria. Says Ronald Mitsuyasu, associate director of UCLA's AIDS Clinical Research Center: "In the test tube, a lot of these drugs look like they inhibit the virus 100%, but when you use them on patients in a clinic it's a different story."

Although the tests on animals revealed no toxic effects, scientists point to possible complications involving the immune system. In a healthy individual, natural CD4 plays a regular role in fighting disease. It is unclear whether a flood of synthetic CD4 will interfere with that process. Another concern was raised by AIDS Researcher William Haseltine, of the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, at the Fourth International Conference on AIDS in Stockholm last June. Haseltine suggested that an influx of CD4 could itself trigger an immune response in as many as 10% of those receiving the drug, causing them to develop antibodies against their own T-4 cells.

For all its promise, no one expects that CD4 will cure AIDS. Yet the drug is a potentially important new weapon in a growing arsenal of treatments. Researchers are learning how to use AZT more effectively to interrupt the virus' life cycle inside a cell. Probably the best hope for a successful AIDS treatment lies in a combination of these and other drugs. —By Dick Thompson.

Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Jerome Cramer/Washington

Milestones

NOMINATED. Lauro F. Cavazos, 61, president of Texas Tech University, to succeed the outspoken William Bennett as U.S. Secretary of Education. Cavazos would become the first Hispanic to serve in the Cabinet—and a lure to draw Hispanic votes from the Democrats in November. Bennett, whose partisan style made him a conservative hero, intends to write a book.

DIED. Elmo R. Zumwalt III, 42, whose father, Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr., ordered that riverbanks in Viet Nam be sprayed with Agent Orange to protect U.S. sailors, including his son, from ambush; of cancer, in Fayetteville, N.C. Both the former chief of naval operations and his son contended that the illness was caused by the defoliant. "Knowing what I know now," wrote the father after his son fell ill, "I still would have ordered the defoliation. But that does not ease the sorrow I feel for Elmo."

DIED. Alan Ameche, 55, Baltimore Colt fullback whose legendary one-yard touchdown ended pro football's "greatest game ever played," giving the Colts a 23-17 sudden-death victory over the New York Giants for the 1958 National Football League title; of a heart attack three days after bypass surgery; in Houston.

DIED. Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, 56, versatile French opera director and designer; from complications following surgery; in Munich. His productions of Mozart's operas were highlights of the Salzburg Festival.

DIED. Anne Ramsey, 59, stone-faced actress whose portrayal of the despotic matriarch in the 1987 comedy *Throw Momma from the Train* earned an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actress; of throat cancer; in Los Angeles. The removal of part of her tongue during cancer surgery

three years ago gave Ramsey the speech impediment that was her character's trademark.

DIED. M. Carl Holman, 69, soft-spoken poet, English scholar and civil rights leader who headed the National Urban Coalition from 1971 to 1988; of cancer; in Washington. Formed after the riots of 1967, the organization forged partnerships between industry and government to promote inner-city development.

DIED. Adela Rogers St. Johns, 94, pioneering newspaperwoman for the Hearst chain who covered events such as Edward VIII's abdication and the Lindbergh baby kidnapping; in Arroyo Grande, Calif. An ardent feminist, she once declared, "I wish women would stand together and shackle the men who want to move us backwards."

Cinema



Shopping for trouble: Pfeiffer meets Ruehl and her gang in a supermarket, then sambas with FBI Agent Modine

Mafia Princess, Dream Queen

MARRIED TO THE MOB Directed by Jonathan Demme

Screenplay by Barry Strugatz and Mark R. Burns

For too long Angela has lived in a domestic cage with rococo bars and gilded walls. Her husband Frank "the Cucumer" De Marco (Alec Baldwin) boards the morning Long Island commuter train, but he does his work in transit, putting a bullet in the brain of a rival Mafia goon in the seat ahead of him. Angela has a cute son, but the kid runs a three-card monte game in the backyard. Her home must have been decorated by *Wheel of Fortune*: all the furniture and appliances are studiously ugly, and half of them are still in crates. As she tells Frank, "Everything we wear, everything we eat, everything we own—fell off a truck."

So when Frank gets prematurely deceased, courtesy of his jealous capo Tony "the Tiger" Russo (Dean Stockwell), Angela moves to a sizzly Manhattan flat and makes friends with a nice guy named Mike (Matthew Modine). He's an FBI agent on a Mob detail, but what does this vulnerable widow know? As the camera tiptoes closer, Angela pours out her valentine-on-velvet heart. Tony this, Frank that, life sure does stink. And at the precise intersection of streetwise agony and Method acting—the very moment at which an actress is expected to secure her Oscar nomination—Michelle Pfeiffer crosses her eyes.

This goofy gesture, which America's most criminally pretty actress flashes smack in the middle of Jonathan Demme's high, wild and handsome comedy *Married*

to the Mob, is no wink to the cognoscenti. Nor is it the white flag that a leading actress must eventually wave to the cartoon figures—the Mafia dons and prima donnas—scampering around her. It is the distress signal of a young woman, once cooed in marriage, who now sees herself as an adolescent spilling confidences over a two-straw chocolate soda.

Demme is tops at luring these confidences, these comic grace notes, out of his performers. And Pfeiffer knows how to dish them out with the generosity of an haut-monde hostess casting intimate glances at strangers. Both artists have made funky music before—easy on the ears, with reverberations that jangle provocatively in a moviegoer's memory. But the violent mood swings Demme programmed into films like *Melvin and How-*

ard and *Something Wild* often kept viewers at a bemused remove. And once or twice Pfeiffer has been stuck in films she could ornament but not inform. This time, though, these two and a gang of co-stars have created a coherent farce symphony.

The mobsters here are plodding, put-upon businessmen, and their wives are as bored and possessive as if they lived in Stepford. They are refugees from New York City's orphan boroughs who have disguised themselves as middle-class Long Islanders. And they have brought their gruff camaraderie, their accents and their animosities with them. This is not Jay Gatsby's West Egg (he was a gangster too, but he dressed better); this is New Yawk transplanted, with a lawn and a sauna. For these tough guys, upward mobility carries a hefty price tag: the pretense of a solid marriage. So a sleaze lord like Tony Russo can sign rub-out contracts but can't handle his wife Connie, played to the gritted teeth by Mercedes Ruehl.

When the script deftly maneuvers Angela, Mike, Tony and Connie into the most expensively hideous suite in a Miami Beach hotel, Demme finds a satisfying comic payoff for the first time in his career. And in Pfeiffer—a California blond in black wig and cramped Queens patois—he has secured the emotional anchor to his vertiginous sight gags.

You have perhaps heard that Pfeiffer is beyond gorgeous: serene blue eyes, jawline by Garbo, perfect teeth unstained by the occasional Marlboro. The bearer is more modest in appraisal. "Meryl Streep, Dianne Wiest, they're beautiful," Pfeiffer says. "I think I look like a duck. The way



The dark, the light and the gorgeous: Pfeiffer in *Mob* and at home

"The way my mouth curls up, I should have played Howard the Duck."

my mouth curls up and my nose tilts, I should have played Howard the Duck." Sure, but Howard couldn't work his mouth so that when fashioned into a smile, it has the innocence of a shy Cinderella's, and when upended, it curls into the sulk of a party animal no man should even bother trying to impress.

It was as the sulky siren that Pfeiffer made her first mark, as a punkette in *Grease 2*, as Al Pacino's coked-out wife in *Scarface*, as a Hitchcockian heroine with a Los Angeles '80s twist in *Into the Night*. Then, switching on the Cinderella smile, she became a princess in the medieval adventure *Ladyhawke* and the sweetest witch in Eastwick. She has played movie stars in *Sweet Liberty* and PBS's *Natica Jackson*, two fables about creatures of illusion manipulating the reality of voyeurs who dare mistake the actress for the role.

Which one is she? All of them and none. "I have five points of view about everything," Pfeiffer says. "I mean, the rooms of my house are decorated in all different styles." She also has a minority opinion of her acting: "I keep doing these comedies, and I don't think I'm funny." She is a cover girl with the inverted-searchlight soul of a Woody Allen heroine.

Pfeiffer, from Orange County, Calif., is one of four children born to an air-conditioner retailer and his wife. "I was a tomboy," she says, "always beating somebody up. The comments on my report card said that I needed to work on my mouth—I talked way too much. Then, in fourth grade, boys started to find me attractive, so I put away my boxing gloves." At school Michelle acted up; at home she acted out. "I'd sing into the garden hose and pretend I was Elvis," she recalls. "Whenever I'd try to con my mother, she'd say, 'What a drama queen!'"

From 14, this princess worked, mainly for the Von's supermarket chain: "I still think I'm the best box girl Von's ever had." But one day in 1977 revelation smote the check-out girl when she came out short on her register. "I said to myself, 'What do you want to do?' The answer was acting." By 1981 she was *Greased*.

The same year she wed Actor Peter Horton (thirtysomething); they were separated last year, and now the all-American girl is beautiful. "Dating is a disaster for me. I don't know how to, and I don't get the point. You're not really friends, you're not really lovers. Besides, I never go anywhere. For a while I dated [Actor] Michael Keaton, whom I met at Fireside, my local grocery store. So I guess I'll just wait to meet somebody at Fireside again."

Line dancers at the check-out counter, gigs. Pfeiffer will be busy onscreen for now—in this Christmas' *Tequila Sunrise*, with Mel Gibson, then in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, with Glenn Close—and perhaps for decades. But if you're lucky enough to encounter Hollywood's dream queen in a Santa Monica grocery, she may cast those famous blue eyes your way. And cross them.

—By Richard Corliss

Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

Ethics

Tragic Tug-of-War

A lesbian's fight to see her disabled lover becomes a cause célèbre

Sharon Kowalski has always been a maverick. While her brother and sister stayed close to home—the Iron Range of northern Minnesota—Sharon struck out on her own. She worked her way through college, found a teaching job, bought a house with a friend and developed her passions for photography, cross-country skiing and motorcycling. "I used to tell her I got a new gray hair every time she took off for somewhere," recalls her mother Della. "Kids do lots of things you don't like, but you still love them." In short, a willful young woman.



Happier times: Thompson, left, and Kowalski
Parents and friend battle for custody.

Now that very will is the object of a legal and ethical battle in the Minnesota courts. Five years ago, a drunk driver crashed into Sharon's car, killing her niece and leaving Sharon brain damaged and in a coma. She regained consciousness some weeks later, but could not speak and could move only her right hand. With the help of her roommate, Karen Thompson, an associate professor of physical education at St. Cloud State University, Sharon, then 27, struggled to learn to sip from a glass, comb her hair, communicate with a typewriter. "We learned to play again, to laugh again," Thompson recalls.

Sharon's parents were initially encouraged by their daughter's progress. But when Karen announced that she and Sharon had been lovers before the accident, the Kowalskis forbade her to visit anymore and eventually moved their daughter to a nursing home 180 miles

away. In 1985, after a yearlong legal battle over custody and visitation rights, the court awarded Sharon's father full guardianship. The Kowalskis' lawyer maintains that Thompson's visits left Sharon depressed. Moreover, he argues that Sharon has the mind of a six-year-old and cannot express her wishes reliably. Thompson denies these claims and points to Sharon's typewritten responses to a neutral questioner indicating her desire to return to St. Cloud and have Karen as a guardian.

Last week disabled- and gay-rights advocates in 21 cities held rallies demanding that the courts "Free Sharon Kowalski." In Minneapolis demonstrations wore buttons proclaiming BRING SHARON HOME. Thompson's supporters argue that as an adult, even a severely handicapped one, Sharon should be free to control her own destiny. "We are asked to let you rest in peace, Sharon," declared Disabled Rights Activist Jaime Becker at the Minneapolis rally, "but you are not dead. You are alive! And next year you will be free."

Gay-rights activists compared the case with that of the lover of an AIDS patient who finds himself ignored or reviled by the victim's family. Thompson says she thinks the Kowalskis "would rather see their daughter a vegetable than a lesbian." Thompson recalls that Sharon once told her that homosexuality was practically a "hanging offense" on the Iron Range.

For their part, the Kowalskis continue to deny their daughter is gay. Della says she once asked Sharon if she was a lesbian. "And you know what she does? She just laughs and shakes her head no." Della also confesses how "awful painful" it is to watch Sharon "when she doesn't have the ability to do what any of us can."

In a last-ditch effort, Thompson has filed a motion to "restore Sharon Kowalski to capacity," meaning to help her reach her full mental and physical potential. Two weeks ago, the court ordered that Sharon undergo a formal evaluation to see if she is capable of making decisions about her future. On the whole, the courts have not been sympathetic to Thompson's case. Most states favor blood relatives as guardians of unmarried disabled people, explains Arthur Caplan, director of the University of Minnesota's Center for Bio-Medical Ethics. "For children that's fine, but not for adults," says Caplan. No matter how much you love them, he argues, "when you get to be an adult, you wouldn't necessarily pick your parents to take care of you." Most adults, however, never have to face such a choice.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs

Reported by Clare Mead Rosen/Minneapolis

People



First child: Sarah and daughter

The baby was born 18 minutes past 8 in the evening on the eighth day of the eighth month of 1988. That is about the most auspicious combination possible, according to astrologers, numerologists and the Chinese, but the kid had a considerable head start even without it. As the first-born child of **Prince Andrew** and his Duchess **Sarah**, she is not only the first princess of her generation but fifth in line for the British throne, after her uncle **Charles**, his sons **William** and

Henry, and her own father. As the British celebrated the latest royal birth with two simultaneous 41-gun salutes in Hyde Park and at Tower Green, Prince Andrew, who had flown into London from navy duty in Singapore for the birth, assured one and all that "the baby is very pretty—but then I am very biased." He noted that Sarah had a "tough time" during the birth but added, "She's very well indeed—just a bit tired." The betting on the child's name runs to Victoria, Elizabeth or Annabel. Given the royal penchant for long names, however, it could be all three.

"I've never seen a rumor get this far out of hand," said a spokesman for Graceland, the gaudy palace turned museum in Memphis that **Elvis Presley** left to posterity. Ever since Author **Gail Brewer-Giorgio** published her book *Did Elvis Die?* last month, a growing number of Presleyites have come to believe their idol faked his August 1977 death and is living in either Hawaii or Michigan. Many fans think he will reveal



Second coming? Presley portrait at Graceland

himself—even give a concert—at the annual memorial show in Memphis this week. This month Graceland has received a batch of letters addressed to Presley, and its phones have rung with collect

calls for the King. All were refused. What should the shrine do with Presley's new mail? As the King himself once sang, "Return to sender."

He stayed in his room for more than three years, walked around naked, bathed a dozen times a day, until his skin took on a weird glow, and spent most of his time on a variety of drugs. This is the portrait of Beatle **John Lennon** presented by Author **Albert Goldman** in his latest swing at biography-necromancy, *The Lives of John Lennon* (Morrow; \$22.95). In the book, which will be published later this month, Goldman has **Yoko Ono** paying for her \$5,000-a-week drug habit with cash and then whispering to her supplier, "John must never know." In eerie present tense, the author alleges that the Beatle was anorexic: "What he's done for most of his adult life is to starve himself to perfection." Goldman's Lennon is both an LSD overuser and a "bag of bones" who disliked having his son **Sean** kiss him and always kept the lights on.

Oh, Woe, Canada



Goodbye Edmonton, hello L.A.: Janet Jones and Wayne Gretzky

Wayne Gretzky knows all about goals, and he clearly had some new ones for himself. After nine years of playing championship hockey for the Edmonton Oilers, the "Great One" suddenly found himself with a new wife and a baby on the way. Last week all Canada went into mourning when its greatest natural treasure announced that at his own request he was being traded from the best team in hockey to one of the worst. His move to the Los Angeles Kings next season, said Gretzky, was "for the benefit of Wayne Gretzky, my new wife and our expected child in the new year." He tried to go on. "There comes a time when..." But he couldn't. The great Gretzky wept.

Edmonton was thunderstruck. Only a month before, it had celebrated Gretzky's wedding to American Actress **Janet**

Jones, 27. Many immediately pinned the blame on Jones, who has a house in Los Angeles and works there, but she denied influencing the trade, adding, however, "Maybe in his heart he was doing something for me." Others thought Gretzky would have to be dragged to Los Angeles. Said **Paul Coffey**, one of Gretzky's former teammates: "There's no bloody way he wanted to go there."

Los Angeles was jubilant. Despite a cash payment to the Oilers believed to be much more than \$10 million and the loss of three first-round draft picks, the Kings have gained a huge dose of credibility from the deal. Already thousands of calls for tickets are besieging the team's box office. One Angeleno sports columnist summed it up this way: "We got Gretzky. Eat your hearts out, world."

—H.G.C.



Two Eds: Martin Short as Grimley and his twin toon

"Darkness to him is death." Darkness for Goldman, however, usually leads to a book.

Does Actress **Greta Scacchi** think a chick will help her sil-



Double billing: Scacchi and friend

houette? Maybe. The bird may be a reminder. "You have to know your posture," says Scacchi (pronounced *Ska-kee*), 28, who has won critical praise for her part in *White Mischief*. "If you have close rapport between

your mind and your whole body, you can do anything. If you can't control it, you look like a chicken." The British-Italian actress knows a bit about chickens, having spent some time on an Australian farm as a child. She also knows something about Chekhov: her next film is based on *The Three Sisters*, and she is currently onstage in London in another Chekhov piece, *Uncle Vanya*. So, Greta, don't worry. You're certainly not a birdbrain.

First, **Ronald Biggs** took part in a great train robbery: the \$7 million heist of an English mail train in 1963. Then he starred in a great escape: scaling a prison wall after capture, undergoing plastic surgery and living the fugitive life in Australia, Panama, Argentina and Brazil. Last week in Rio de Janeiro, Biggs celebrated the 25th anniversary of his "heist of the century" with cake, champagne and beer. The past quarter-century, says Biggs, "has been extremely fun. It's the kind of life I dreamed of having while a child." Biggs cannot return to Britain, where he is still wanted. But next month in London, a former accomplice will be on hand for the premiere of *Buster*, a movie based on the rob-

bery. Says **Ronald Edwards**, a.k.a. **Buster**, a flower vendor who has served his time: "I have quite high morals, really, but not when it comes to being a thief. I don't regret it at all." With the movie, he might just take to scene stealing.

Can **Ed Grimley** move out of late night into mid-morning? Can the nerdy Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time funnel head transform his *Saturday Night Live* fame into Saturday-morning kiddie fare? Next month **Martin Short**, who created the manic character on *SNL* and *SCTV*, will appear in *The Completely Mental Misadventures of Ed Grimley*, a weekly half-hour show that NBC hopes will shake up **Pee-wee Herman's** playhouse over at CBS. Short romps through *Grimley* not only with animated versions of himself but also with Co-Stars **Joe Flaherty**, an *SCTV* colleague, and **Jonathan Winters**, the archetypal hyperthyroid comic. But will children take to late-night stuff? "The biggest mistake," Short says, "is thinking the kids won't get it." It should take them no time at all to learn *Grimley's* lunatic Happy Dance.

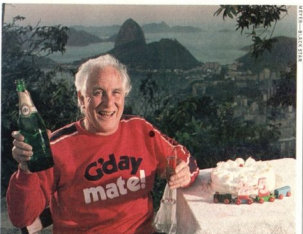
The play's the thing... or is it? For months now, the drama to catch on Broadway has been referred to by ticket seekers as "the Madonna play." Actually, folks, it's **David Mamet's** *Speed-the-Plow*, a play about sleazy Hollywood producers, starring **Madonna**. One columnist suggested that a playwright—any playwright—willing to call his

next work *The Madonna Play*, never mind the content, would be assured of a box-office smash. Unfortunately for would-be hoaxers, the superstar, whose movie *Bloodhounds of Broadway* will be out in December, is leaving the Great White Way at the end of the month. Last week



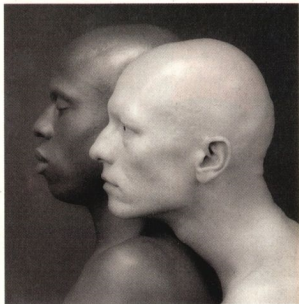
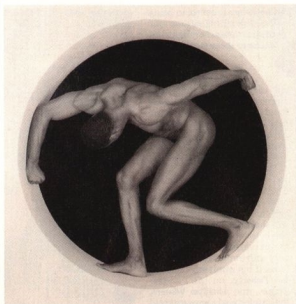
One and a million: Madonna

she enlisted as the 1,000,001st member of a charity marathon. Declared the Material Girl: "You can save a child from starvation. All you need is a pair of running shoes." Madonna is said to be shaping up for the September run by racing up and down stairs. She will then rush straight into a recording studio to begin work on a new album.—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan



Quarter-century: Ronald Biggs celebrates his great train robbery in Rio

Photography



Thomas, 1986, and Ken Moody and Robert Sherman. 1984: blunt facts, uncanny feelings and the electrical charge of the forbidden

Leatherboy and Angel in One

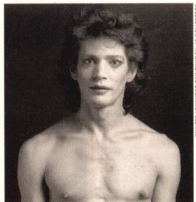
Robert Mapplethorpe's show blends the serene with the unsettling

The volume of his photographs that Robert Mapplethorpe published three years ago carried self-portraits on both front and back. There he was on one cover in a black leather jacket, sporting an updated biker haircut, with a cigarette dangling from his lips. It was the Mapplethorpe of whips and sexual appliances, the one who had careered into the art world in the late 1970s with images of homosexual sadomasochism. But on the back cover he offered a different version of himself, bare chested and slender, in pale makeup: the artist as breakable cherub, with a whiff of androgyny and maybe a hint of Pierrot, the pantomime clown. Perhaps it was this Mapplethorpe who made his other pictures, the voluptuous orchids, the portrait faces glowing like bulbs in the dark, the riveting nudes.

Of those two self-portraits, only the second is in the retrospective of Mapplethorpe's work currently on view at Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art. But both spirits, the dark leatherboy and the angel of light, preside jointly in most of the 111 works on display. The obsessions with sex and death that are palpable in his scenes of heavy leather are still visible in the phallic tumescence and mortal shadows of *Calla Lily*, 1984. The straightforward but unreal quality of the S-M images is there again in his portrait of *Ken Moody* and *Robert Sherman*, 1984—two hairless heads, one black, one white, an uncanny feeling built from blunt facts. After a

while, even the taut compositions of Mapplethorpe's portraits start to look like another form of bondage.

At 41, Mapplethorpe has been one of the most visible photographers of his generation for a decade, but this year is a high-water mark in his career. The Whitney retrospective, which runs through Oct. 23, is his first one-man show at a major American museum in years. And in December, the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia will open a somewhat larger Mapplethorpe exhibition that will travel to Chicago, Boston and Washington. With the era of sexual extremity now closed, some of Mapplethorpe's pictures look even more loaded and unnerving



Self-Portrait, 1980: inside looking out

than they once did. But the durable qualities of his work are also appearing in clearer relief.

For Mapplethorpe, the camera is mostly just a device for distilling images that correspond to his obsessions. Some of the earliest pictures in the show, made soon after he finished studying art at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn in 1970, are images simply torn from magazines and reworked. Others are Polaroids of himself or Rock Singer Patti Smith, for years his muse, companion and fellow traveler through the New York City avant-garde.

That early work is interesting but tentative. The real Mapplethorpe is the one who arrived on the scene suddenly in 1977 with three Manhattan gallery shows. One was devoted solely to his S-M imagery, pictures that brought him quick notoriety. They were affronting but memorable, and hard to pigeonhole. At first glance they were in the venerable photographic tradition of scenes brought back from exotic territory, like 19th century portraits of Indians in full headdress. But the people in them were not foreign to Mapplethorpe. They were his friends and sexual playmates. If this was documentary, it was from the inside looking out.

Those pictures also brought to Mapplethorpe's basically conservative style the electrical charge of the forbidden. Take that away, and it becomes easier to see that he has a classicist's taste for the symmetrical, the serene, the perfected, the imperishable. But against it he plays a romantic's fascination with forceful material that classical form cannot digest. In his male nudes, mostly of black men, the genitals present themselves with a frankness that explodes the composition. In his

pictures of female Body Builder Lisa Lyon, the photographic conventions that ordinarily apply to the male anatomy—flexed muscles, sculptural lighting—are used to confound every expectation of female form. A picture like *Thomas*, 1986, a variation on Leonardo's image of a man inscribed within a circle, could be an emblem of Mapplethorpe's work: vital force straining against formal bounds.

Mapplethorpe's imagery comes trailing a long pedigree, from the *Yellow Book* decadence of Aubrey Beardsley to Edward Weston's peppers, from Cocteau's classical echoes and erotomania to the chiseled male nudes shot by George Platt Lynes in the '30s and '40s. It also indulges a fascination with style and surface that is very much of the present. Mapplethorpe trafficked expertly in the prevailing moods of the '70s and early '80s, the appetite for both glamour and decadence, high fashion and subterranean sex. That has caused him to be dismissed at times as a



Calla Lily, 1984: tumescent beauty

vendor of deluxe fantasy. But if his work has sometimes been complicit with the indulgences of the day, it was never fully in service to them. He never aimed for the lugubrious swank of Helmut Newton,

whose corseted women can look like sale goods in a fancy furniture store. He never settled for the sexual salesmanship of Bruce Weber, whose boys live in a world made of equal parts Ralph Lauren and Leni Riefenstahl.

The Whitney show takes on a special poignance from the fact that Mapplethorpe is now in the midst of a debilitating struggle with AIDS; that the show contains so much work produced in the past year is a tribute to his powers. But boundless drive has always been at the root of his work. His imagery bears the stamp of passion, an aesthete's passion, even in a century in which beauty has an uncertain status as a basis for art. Mapplethorpe does not care; he is a true believer. The poet Czeslaw Milosz, musing on the visible world, once wrote, "Out of reluctant matter/ What can be gathered? Nothing, beauty at best." Mapplethorpe might agree, but he would add that beauty seems like magnificent compensation.

—By Richard Lacayo

Science

A Closer Look at the Big Bang

A distant galaxy may shed light on the origins of the universe

For astronomers, remote galaxies are cosmic Rosetta stones. Because their faint glimmers of light take billions of years to reach earth, these galaxies—conglomerations of stars, dust, gas and, perhaps, planets—offer a unique glimpse far back into time and provide clues to the age of the universe. As Physicist Stephen Hawking has observed: "When we look at the universe, we are seeing it as it was in the past." In those galactic outer reaches, too, lies hidden the answer to a tantalizing mystery: How soon after the cataclysmic fireball of the big bang, from which the universe presumably emerged, did the galaxies form?

A team of scientists attending last week's meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Baltimore may have unearthed an important clue to answering that question with the announcement that it has discovered the most distant galaxy yet seen by man. Designated 4C41.17, the galaxy is located some 15 billion light-years away (a single light-year is equal to approximately 6 trillion miles)—about 90% of the distance from the earth to the visible limits of the universe.

But the discovery is not simply a mileage record. The galaxy is being seen only a few billion years af-

ter the big-bang explosion, which suggests that at least some galaxies were being formed while the universe was still in its infancy. This could very well challenge the cold dark matter theory of galaxy formation, which holds that galaxies required billions of years to grow around very dense clumps of invisible particles. Yet 4C41.17, which appears to be mature, is probably no older than 1 billion to 2 billion years. Says Team Member Wil van Breugel of the University of California, Berkeley: "If you are the universe and are ten years old, this galaxy is one year old."

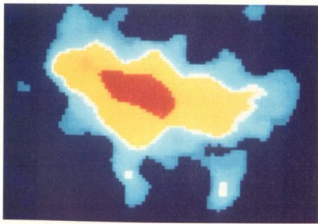
The new galaxy was first located by

its radio waves, then confirmed visually at the Kitt Peak National Observatory near Tucson, appearing as a faint, fuzzy object. A computer-enhanced photograph shows the galaxy as a brightly colored, amoeba-shaped mass. Next, the scientists determined the distance of the galaxy by taking an optical spectrum that revealed what one team member, Kenneth Chambers of Johns Hopkins University, calls cosmic fingerprints—emission lines with sharp features characteristic of hydrogen and carbon. In distant galaxies, these lines occur at much redder wavelengths than those emitted by the same elements on earth; this so-called red shift, believed to be caused by the expansion of the universe, is what astronomers use to measure distance.

The scientists who found galaxy 4C41.17—the other discoverer is George Miley of Leiden University in the Netherlands—say they are confident of its existence and distance. But they are, nonetheless, circumspect about the implications of their findings. "If every galaxy in our universe was formed at this time," says Chambers, "there are some serious problems with current theory." But, he adds judiciously, 4C41.17 has some peculiarities that cannot be ignored: it is more lumpy, elongated and turbulent than most other galaxies. Chambers speculates that "it may also be atypical in its time of formation, which would make current theory hold."

—By John Langone.

Reported by Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



Fifteen billion light-years from home: a computer enhancement of 4C41.17
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Show Business



Days of wine and neurosis: Keaton, left, Baker, foreground, in *Clean and Sober*

Hollywood Goes on the Wagon

A new film tests the old saw that drunks are funny

Pretty pathetic creature. He hides out at the local bar and tries to forget his troubles by downing shot after shot of whiskey. When he finally seeks help for his woes, it is not A.A. he calls but another broken soul who has sipped himself into a perpetual stupor. So what do you think? Is Roger Rabbit an alcoholic?

Bud Yorkin thinks so. And, as director of this summer's flop *Arthur 2 on the Rocks*, he should know. Yorkin is steamed at critics who torpedoed his movie for its portrait of an insouciant inebriate. "Arthur is a fantasy character," he spumes, "just like Roger Rabbit. But that movie is all about drinking, and it's being called one of the great movies of all time."

Yorkin may be ignoring a few variables that sequel often fall on their prats, that Stars Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli have been on a 0-for-ever streak since the original *Arthur* in 1981, that critics didn't make *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* a hit, and they didn't break *Arthur 2*. Still, Yorkin deserves sympathy for getting caught in a zeitgeist warp. Seven years ago, at the dawn of the Reagan era, a movie drunk could seem a sweet anachronism, a throwback to giddier times with fewer responsibilities. Today Americans know there is a price to be paid for every excess, fiscal or physical. And in a town where, as one wag notes, "there are more stars at a Rodeo Drive Alcoholics Anonymous meeting than there are at the Academy Awards," a few moviemakers are taking the pledge to

put drug and alcohol addiction onscreen.

Two biographical films, soon to be released, will limn the twin toxicities of heroin and pop celebrity. *Bird* is Clint Eastwood's meditation on the pioneering jazzman junkie Charlie Parker; *Wired* adapts Bob Woodward's book about the life and drug-induced death of John Belushi. Both movies fit a familiar genre: a star is born, a star falls into the black hole of self-abuse, a star dies. But a third drug-and-alcohol drama, *Clean and Sober*, which opened last week to generous reviews, goes for the grit without the name-dropping glamour. It has eyes to be the *Lost Weekend*, the *Days of Wine and Roses* of the late '80s.

Michael Keaton plays Daryl Poynter, the very model of a white-collar slime mold: he's a thief, an accessory to murder and a meanie to his mom. He can't even admit he has a drug problem—cocaine and alcohol—until a tough-love therapist (Morgan Freeman), an A.A. veteran (M. Emmet Walsh) and a nervy fellow addict (Kathy Baker) help him see the dark before the light. Some of the early scenes

ring as inauthentic as the Philadelphia accents; each supporting junkie pushes too hard, as if he were part of an Actors Lab experiment that failed. But there are home truths here. Mostly, the film shows, not preaches. And Keaton proves how fully a fine comic actor can inhabit a serious, potentially solemn film.

Does this trio of films signal a new wave or just a coincidence? That is hard to say, since pictures that glorify the communal joys of tipping can still magnetize moviegoers; *Cocktail*, starring Tom Cruise as a bartender who becomes famous for 15 martinis, earned \$27 million in its first ten days of release. And any serious film has a handicap. When *Bright Lights, Big City* sent Michael J. Fox to the lower-middle depths of coke craving, audiences sniffed and stayed away. "Will people go to *Clean and Sober*?" wonders its co-producer Tony Ganz. "If they have a problem with alcoholism, they may refuse to go. If they don't have a problem, they may not want to go." Yet it is good to see Hollywood emerging from its binge of party-till-you-puke teen comedies and issuing the warning "Substance abuse may be hazardous to your health."

It used to be that movie screeds about drinking and drugs were hazardous only at the box office. As *Wired* Co-Producer Ed Feldman notes, "You can't do an hour-and-45-minute sermon." TV movies, with their captive middle-aged audiences and their social diseases of the week, were the place for tidy moralizing. But traditionally, the big screen and its youthful audience welcomed the happy drunk. For early moviegoers, booze was a truth serum that liberated every endearing character from Charlie Chaplin to Dumbo. It can still cadge cheap laughs: in this summer's *License to Drive*, a teenager's dream girl does a drunken dance on his dad's car hood. For the '60s generation, the use of recreational drugs was a gesture of political defiance, and movies mimicked it. "Drugs weren't a by-product of our culture," says Glenn Gordon Caron, 34, the *Moonlighting* mogul who directed *Clean and Sober*. "They were our culture."

In the overdue national detox program that may be the '90s, the drug culture could change. On movie screens it already has. Film Critic Roger Ebert, who has ragged



Jeers for "Cheers," *Bright Lights, Big City*, left, and *License to Drive*



"If people don't have a problem, they may not want to go."

Hollywood for glamorizing alcoholics, is hopeful: "Today you have creative people finding solutions." *Clean and Sober* will give an early clue to that solution. Will American moviegoers find the tonic chill of a dramatized A.A. lecture as bracing as the sight of a rabbit who can act like a boozehound? Stay tuned. —By Richard Corliss, Reported by Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles

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